

# AMERICA

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRONICLE .....	97-100
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
A Modern Fool of God—Glimpses of the Tokyo Earthquake—The Meaning of Dreams—Can Europe Pay Her Debts?.....	101-108
COMMUNICATIONS .....	108-109
EDITORIALS	
Shall We Suppress the Private School?—Other-worldliness—Vaudeville in the Pulpit—People, Press and Politics—"Time to Decentralize"....	110-112
LITERATURE	
A Month's Vote on the Best Ten Books—Lists and Comments—The College Vote—Reviews—Books and Authors—Books Received.....	112-116
EDUCATION	
What Does a Mental Scale Measure?.....	117-118
SOCIOLOGY	
Father Finn: Social Worker.....	118-119
NOTE AND COMMENT.....	119-120

## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The results of the elections of November 6 leave the national situation practically unchanged. Both parties in fact are claiming comfort from them.

The Congressional situation was hardly changed at all. A Republican Senator was elected from Vermont, and so the Senate in December will be composed of fifty-one Republicans, forty-three Democrats and two Farmer-Laborites, a majority of eight for the Republicans over the Democrats and of only six over the Democrats and Farmer-Laborites combined. It is pointed out, however, that the Republican figures include six or seven radicals who are Republicans only in name, and can be called such only by a stretch of language. In the House there will be 225 Republicans, 205 Democrats and three others. This means a majority of seventeen, with the same situation as in the Senate as to the inclusion of insurgents in the Republican ranks. The elections showed sweeping victory for the Republicans in Vermont and up-State New York, and for the Democrats in Kentucky, Maryland and down-State New York. The Maryland election, with a large majority for Governor Ritchie, is attributed to "wet" feeling there, while the "drys" are claiming minor victories elsewhere. The Ku Klux Klan made its influence

felt mostly in Ohio, where candidates favored by the Klan were generally elected, chiefly in the cities. Steubenville was the only city of any importance to elect an anti-Klan candidate. The Klan claims 700,000 supporters in Ohio.

**Austria.**—The Catholic Christian Social party has clearly won the approval of Austrian citizens. This the results of the recent election have fully made plain. With

*Christian Social Party Triumphs* Mgr. Seipel confirmed in power for another four years it is to be hoped that Austria may finally be restored to a normal existence. This hope, however, is still far from being realized at present. The Austrian letters received by us indicate that in many instances there has as yet been but slight relief from the sufferings of the past seven years or more. At all events the election returns prove that Austria recognizes that everything possible has been done by the Seipel administration. The Socialists were not able to capture more than sixty-six seats as against ninety-nine held by the middle class parties, many gains having been made in particular by Chancellor Seipel's Christian Social party. In the elections for the Provincial Diets similar results were obtained. Reflecting on the present situation the British Catholic News Service states:

The result of the elections is a national approval of the reconstruction policy of the Catholic Chancellor, to whom not even his political opponents can deny the title of being the savior of Austria. The action of the League of Nations, and particularly the support forthcoming from British representatives, has had no little influence in bringing about an era of stability.

The municipal elections of Vienna, which were held at the same time, confirmed the Socialists in power in the city's administration. But office has toned down many of their crudities, and as a matter of fact considerable savings have been effected.

The Socialists themselves do not find it popular to cross Mgr. Seipel, so that slight harm has been done him by Socialist opposition. The champions of political fusion with Germany fared very badly in the elections. Hard as Austrian conditions still remain, they are not comparable to the misery now existing in Germany.

**Canada.**—Grave concern is felt in many quarters concerning the increase in immigration from the Canadian provinces to the United States. According to figures

*Immigration to the United States* published by the Bureau of Immigration at Washington, during the past three years the number of Canadians coming to the United States was, for 1921, 52,929; 1922,

62,289; and for the first eight months of 1923, 110,920. These figures, however, do not fully state the extent of the migration, for it is well known that in addition to those legally entering the United States there are great numbers who enter this country without notifying the authorities or complying with the requirements. In addition to this loss of population in Canada, a considerable number of British and Europeans are returning to their former homes. Meanwhile, immigration into Canada is not at all satisfactory. During the months of April, May, June and July of the present year, while the exodus from Canada to the United States alone amounted to 70,164, the total immigration into Canada from all sources was 54,912. A serious aspect of the problem arises from the fact that the majority of those leaving Canada are native-born, and the newcomers are from less desirable European races.

**France.**—The proposed conference of experts to examine into the German reparations question seems to have stumbled into a deadlock. No final decision has as yet

*Deadlock in  
Reparations  
Negotiations*

been reached by Premier Poincaré, although he still insists on his original terms. In official quarters in Paris, the general impression seems to prevail that the conversations which took place in Washington during the week between Secretary of State Hughes and the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, did not smooth out to any great extent the existing differences with regard to the proposed commission. In one way, the French may appear to have yielded on certain points. They agreed to the experts discussing German payments up to 1930, and the relation of the Ruhr to the general economic ability of the Reich. But in making this agreement to discuss Germany's capacity up to 1930, the French made it clearly understood that they agree only to the discussion of payments during a moratorium, or the period during which Germany could make no cash payments.

After a week's negotiation, M. Poincaré still holds that the conference experts may not discuss the total German debt. That, he maintains, has been determined by the Versailles Treaty. He holds moreover that the conference cannot evolve any plan based on the evacuation of the Ruhr. It was after England accepted these general conditions that his Government insisted that the invitation to America state that the experts would be empowered to discuss only the *present* capacity of Germany to pay. The French Premier interpreted "present" as embracing a period of six years. Ambassador Herrick called on November 9 at the Quai d'Orsay in order to seek further information from the Government, on the French viewpoint, and especially to obtain a more definite explanation of what was meant by Germany's present capacity. The political Director of the Foreign Office, M. Peretti della Rocca, could only answer that the instructions sent to the French Ambassador at Washington contained the final concessions France could make in conformity with the

Treaty of Versailles and French interests. No substantial change appeared in the stand taken by M. Poincaré and it was officially announced at Washington, though the announcement may not be final, that under the conditions imposed by the French Premier, the American Government could not see the usefulness of the conference. The negotiations, however, are not entirely ended, and the door is still open for further proposals. The only hope of any further steps in the matter lies with England, Belgium and Italy, who are still at liberty to try to induce France to modify her stand. Our Government, however, has made it clear that if the French answer to our proposals is final, then our position is just as definite, and any hope of a useful intervention in European affairs on our part is to be abandoned. It is declared in fact at the State Department that any examination by experts such as France proposes would be utterly futile.

**Germany.**—Bavaria is just recovering from the sensational Nationalist uprising under General Erich Ludendorff and the Fascist leader, Adolph Hitler. It was the

*Hitler and  
Ludendorff  
Putsch*

briefest *coup d'état* on record, being terminated within less than twenty-four hours after its inception. Hitler and Ludendorff may both be regarded as foreigners in Bavaria, and their anti-Catholic agitation helped little to win any favor with the predominantly Catholic population. This will in part account for the promptness with which the revolution, which for a time seemed to threaten serious consequences, was brought to a close by the Bavarian Government. It is known as the *Bier Stube* revolt, because it had its beginning in one of the largest beer halls in Munich where the Bavarian dictator, Dr. von Kahr, and the Bavarian Premier, Dr. von Knilling, were the chief orators on the platform.

As described by the special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who personally followed the events, detachments of Hitlerite troops suddenly marched upon the hall through the converging streets. When the building had been surrounded, Hitler himself entered with his usual bodyguard and announced that "today the Nationalist revolution begins." The movement, he declared, was not against von Kahr, but against "the Jew Government in Berlin." Five years ago, he shouted, referring to the armistice revolution, a great crime had been committed, and he continued:

Today, five years later, must witness history's turning point. I propose that the Knilling Cabinet be ousted. I propose myself as political chief of the new Nationalist Government, and General Ludendorff as head of the new German army. The new Government's task will be to march on that sinful Babel which is Berlin. Remain quiet, for this hall is surrounded by 600 centurii under my command.

He was cheered by the crowd and immediately ordered the arrest of Premier von Knilling and the Bavarian Minister of the Interior Schweyer. He then withdrew, followed by von Kahr, who raised objection. Arrived

in a neighboring house, Hitler, in the presence of Ludendorff, leveled a pistol at the head of the Dictator, saying: "Go with us or die!" Dr. von Kahr externally yielded to this show of violence, consenting to return and address the gathering in the beer hall. The import of his speech was that he would act as head of the Bavarian Government, as "trustee for the Bavarian monarchy." He carefully refrained from further committing himself. Hitler, however, seemed satisfied, and now advanced to take by storm the Bavarian Ministry of War.

Freed from the Fascist leader, Dr. von Kahr entered into communication with the Reichswehr commander, von Lossow, and with the ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht. Orders were sent out to the Reichswehr troops, who immediately appeared on the scene with machine-gun outfits and light artillery. The Hitler troops encountered by them were easily captured and arrested. The rebels, with Hitler and Ludendorff in command, made their last stand in the massive War Office building. This, however, was quickly taken, though not without loss of life, by the Federal troops and the State police under General von Lossow. So ended the ill-fated revolt, and it is hoped that the two most obnoxious interlopers in Bavarian affairs will henceforth be definitely removed from the scene of action. They have long been the center of Hohenzollernist intrigues to which Bavarian royalists were no less opposed than the most extreme republicans. Prince Rupprecht himself publicly disavowed all sympathy with the uprising. Thus the passing storm, which but for the prompt action of von Kahr, von Lossow and the Prince, might have had serious consequences, merely served to clear the atmosphere. Coinciding with a French note which set forth that France can brook no reactionary regime in Germany, the quick suppression of the revolt will also have an excellent effect abroad.

**Ireland.**—One of the most serious crises that have yet confronted the Free State Government may easily develop from the prolongation of the all-Ireland hunger-strike

**The Hunger-Strike** instituted by the interned Republican prisoners. During the past two years smaller groups of women Republicans in particular have used the weapon effectively both as a protest against imprisonment and as a method of obtaining release. But the present strike, organized by the most popular and shrewdest of the Republican leaders, surpasses all preceding movements in the number of strikers and is regarded as a test of strength and a challenge by both sides. The Republicans demand the unconditional release of all political prisoners on the ground that their internment violates justice. This is in accord with the declaration of the Ard Fheis that the Republican authorities constitute the rightful Government and that the Free State Ministry has illegally usurped control. The Free State Government, on the other hand, if it releases the prisoners unconditionally after this Republican gesture, will be

accused of weakness; if it retains the prisoners, it will alienate public opinion, especially since the Ard Fheis has declared that the Sinn Fein party has definitely relinquished armed resistance. The number of prisoners now on hunger-strike is variously estimated at from 3,000 to 8,200 scattered in the internment camps throughout the country. In the country at large, meetings of protest have been held and processions and prayer vigils organized to win sympathy for the prisoners. No statement of Government policy has been offered by the Free State, and the Hierarchy has not offered intervention.

After fourteen months of dispute, the principals in the dockers' strike have finally effected a working agreement. The solution came as a result of the Government proposals

*Settlement of Dock Strike*

reinforced by a letter from Professor A. O'Rahilly outlining the terms of an equitable settlement. The basis of agreement between the employers and employes, it is understood, is that offered by Professor O'Rahilly: 1. An immediate reduction of wages amounting to one-half of the employers' demand. 2. Appointment of an arbitrator or arbitrators to decide whether and when the balance of the employers' demand is to be totally or partially put into operation, or to decide against any further reduction. 3. The arbitrator or arbitrators will have power to reconsider the reduction specified in section 1 in the case of individual workers in whose trade there is no standard. In Cork, Waterford and Limerick there was an immediate resumption of work according to this agreement. In Dublin, however, owing to an obstruction in the balloting on the Government proposals by the extreme wing of the workers' union, there has been some delay in the return of the men to work despite the resolution of the Executive Committee of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union that the terms of agreement be accepted. With the settlement of the dockers' strike, which has so seriously affected the industrial life of the Free State, hope is entertained that other minor strikes will soon be concluded.

According to the latest reports, Hitler, who had made good his escape during the defeat of his men, is now rallying his followers in the Isar Valley for another attack on Munich, while agitation against von Kahr is carried on among the people. Ludendorff, shortly after his capture, was set free on parole, but is being strictly watched.

Coincident with these events was the expected return to Germany of the Crown Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm. To keep his pledge of attracting as little attention as possible he passed around Berlin by auto on his way to Altmark and thence to Oels, in Upper Silesia, where with his wife and children he will take up the life of a private citizen on his farm. He protests that his return is connected with no royalist plots. The public has apparently been apathetic and public opinion is indifferent about the entire incident, to such an extent in fact that it was difficult to locate the Prince in his motor journey. His trip was in no sense

a triumphal transit. The Stresemann Government can therefore rest easy.

**Spain.**—Not only has the attitude of several of the Bishops been friendly towards the assumption of power by General Primo de Rivera and the Directorate, but his

*coup d'état* met with hearty approval  
*The Directorate and the Parties* from the members of the Conservative party. The new régime was hailed

by the Right, which expressed the wish that the Directorate might become an active agency for good in the government of the country. Even the Carlist "pretender," Don Jaime de Bourbon, addressed to his political secretary a letter in which he welcomed a movement in which he saw a revival of the traditions and ideals of the Spanish people. The famous orator, Vazquez de Mella, also approved of the bloodless revolution headed by the Marquis de Estella, but his approval, however, is not an entirely unconditional one. Some time after the *coup d'état* of General Rivera, the veteran statesman, Don Antonio Maura, whose militant Catholicism and sincere patriotism are well known, expressed to the Spanish press a mild approval of the action of the Marquis de Estella, in what *La Croix* of Paris calls rather "sybilline" or cryptic words. But Señor Maura was skeptical as to the results expected from the sudden change of Government and the manner in which it was effected. Comparing it to a bicycle going at full speed, he said that as long as it kept on going, all was well, but that at the first sudden and unexpected stop, the rider must look out for a fall. Nevertheless, the Maurist party, of which Señor Goicoechea is now the directive force in the field of actual politics, is not quite as pessimistic as its real head. Through Señor Goicoechea it offers its belated cooperation to the Directorate.

The Partido Social Popular held its sessions at Calatayud, after which it published its official program. It openly adheres to the policy of the Directors. But it adds to it a note regretting that the work so necessary for the welfare of the country should be entrusted solely to the leadership of military men and that it was not the result of a vigorous reaction of citizens acting solely within the sphere of the laws and the Constitution.

Keeping all these facts in mind, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, in the issue of October 20, considers the bloodless yet real revolution of Primo de Rivera and his Directorate, as a protest against the "liberalism" which has been the curse of the country for so many years. This liberalism, as understood in Spain, bears a different meaning from that commonly given to it in England and the United States. It means irreligion, religious indifference; the easy tolerance of doctrinal error; it is the easy path to Socialism, to the false doctrine that the State is supreme master. The revolt of the Marquis de Estella is a protest against the continued misgovernment of Spain by a clique of unprincipled politicians, who in the realm of politics and economics, and from the military point of view, have paved the way for the material and moral downfall of the

country. So far the people of Spain seem to be on the whole satisfied with the régime of the Directorate. To use Maura's simile, it is to be hoped that the machine it has set up, will keep on running until its needed task is accomplished, and that it will not meet too sudden a jar or check, until that task is done to the satisfaction of all.

Americans, who have always admired the bravery displayed by their former Spanish foes, will learn with sincere pleasure that the Spanish Government dedicated on

*Monument to Cervera and Montojo* November 9, a monument designed by the eminent artist, Gonzalez Polar,

to perpetuate the heroic sacrifices of the Spanish Navy at Cavite, in the Bay of Manila, and near the waters of Santiago de Cuba. The monument was unveiled at Cartagena in the presence of King Alfonso and the most prominent members of the Directorate, of the army and navy. According to the New York *Times*, the cause for which Admiral Montojo fought at Manila, and Admiral Cervera in Cuban waters, was lost, but not ingloriously. Both sea battles, adds the New York paper, were fought against hopeless odds. The Spaniards displayed heroism of a high order. The courage of these men and their gallant crews has not been forgotten by the Spanish nation. The United States was officially represented at the ceremonies by Ambassador Moore and Major C. B. Hodges, the American military attaché. Padre Riera, former chaplain of the ill-fated cruiser "Cristobal Colon," offered the prayer for the men who had so gallantly gone to their death at their country's command. The valor and constancy of Montojo and Cervera, together with their crews, made them worthy of being so signally honored by Spain and the United States.

Are the Movies an asset or are they a menace to the country? In next week's issue, Dr. Anthony Benedik, known to AMERICA's readers for many thoughtful articles, will discuss this ever-important question. Dr. Benedik ends his examination into the present situation of the moving-picture industry on a note of hope.

London recently celebrated the five hundredth anniversary of Dick Whittington. Much was said about the cat, and much about how Dick amassed his riches. Dr. James J. Walsh, lover of the Middle Ages, will tell next week how the Lord Mayor got rid of some of his wealth, to the benefit of the poor of London. It is a subject the recent celebration passed over in silence.

Other features next week will be the latest word in the increasingly popular Best Ten Book canvass; Father Barrett's article on Hypnotism and Telepathy, the eighth in his series; and Father Austin Schmidt's third paper on Intelligence Tests.

## A Modern Fool of God

MYLES CONNOLLY

THOSE gentlemen who consider Christian mysticism a sentimental philosophy productive only of stupor or hysteria would do well to read the life of Charles de Foucauld, French nobleman, scholar, soldier and priest, who offered himself as a sacrifice in the Sahara for the conversion of the Mussulman, as adequately and sensibly told by M. René Bazin, and satisfactorily translated into English by Peter Keelan.\* This biography is not the story of a sentimentalist seeking to drown himself in fine feelings, or that of an emotionalist taking refuge in the easy latitude of obscure ideas. It is the story of the terrible practicality of the true mystic, a story of a man moving arduously toward God with a reason like a torch and a will like a sword.

Viscount Charles de Foucauld was a man of this century and, in every sense, a man of this world. As a French nobleman, an officer in the French army, a classmate at Saint-Cyr of such men as Generals Petain and Mazel, he moved in the first plane of his contemporaries. As an artist and scholar and, in young manhood, a Parisian, he became somewhat of an epicure and cultivated man-about-town. He was not very old when, as he says of himself, there was not a trace of the Faith left in his soul.

He served in Africa with his troops, and later, at risk of his life, disguised as a Jew, he made a difficult tour of Morocco. The records of this perilous trip, published in book form as *Reconnaissance au Maroc*, became the most complete authority on Morocco of the time. This work, unusual for its carefulness and tenacious attention to detail as well as for its information and courage, brought him fame as an intrepid explorer and a scholar. He was honored at home and complimented abroad.

At the age of thirty-six the Viscount was on the first step of what was predicted to be an extraordinary career. The success of a scientific explorer demanded daring, ingenuity, resourcefulness, scholarship, and enormous sound sense. Charles de Foucauld demonstrated that he had all these. The world awaited him.

Then, there happened one of those little things that may often mean so much. The explorer, while in Paris preparing for a second expedition, met the Abbé Huvelin, a curate at St. Augustine's, a young man of unusual sanctity, culture, and good judgment. He was immediately impressed by the character of the Abbé. A Faith that has such servants must have some virtue, he said to himself. The thought stayed with him.

One day he went to St. Augustine's to question the Abbé. He entered the confessional and, without kneeling down, said:

"Abbé, I have not the faith, I have come to ask you to instruct me."

M. Huvelin looked at him.

"Kneel down, confess to God; you will believe."

"But I did not come for that."

"Confess."

He knelt down and made a confession of all his life. Then the Abbé asked him: "Are you fasting?"

"Yes."

"Go to Communion!"

So Charles de Foucauld came back to the Faith. He did not talk of his conversion. There was no revivalist trumpeting about it. "His life is silently remolded on the recovered ideal," writes his biographer. "In this renewal all is profound, discreet and simple."

There followed two years of work on his book, and fame on its publication. The second Christmas he spent in Nazareth. "This white town with steep and winding streets on the flanks of Nebi-Sain, touched the penitent heart of Charles de Foucauld. It inspired him with an unquenchable love for the hidden life, and for obedience, the state of voluntary humility. It re-echoed to him Abbé Huvelin's magnificent saying: 'Our Lord took the last place in such a way that nobody can ever rob Him of it.'" So reports his biographer. The rest of Charles de Foucauld's life may be described as one long, unremitting effort to take the place next to last, beside His Lord.

From now on, M. le Vicomte Charles de Foucauld ceases to be a man of the world. The same will that drove him through the perils and hardships of his African explorations now drives him on to imitate the absolute obscurity and hidden life of His Lord. He seeks to immolate himself for the sake of His Master.

He became a novice with the Trappists, but even their rigid rule did not satisfy his desires for severity and solitude. He left for the Holy Land, where he devoted himself to the service of the Poor Clares of Nazareth and Jerusalem, living in a miserable outhouse, keeping mainly to the Trappist rule, doing chores and errands, and in every way, in the poverty of his meals, his dress, his manner, humiliating himself. Many American travelers in the Holy Land twenty-five years ago must have seen this French nobleman and explorer, "who dressed like a pauper, spoke and wrote like a scholar, and prayed like a saint." After three years of this life, he went, at the

\*Charles de Foucauld, *Hermit and Explorer*. New York. Benziger Brothers. \$4.00.

urging of the Sisters and his confessor, to the Trappist monastery of Notre-Dame-des-Neiges where he studied for the priesthood and was eventually ordained.

For some time, Africa, the continent of his explorations, with its immense solitudes and its thousands of infidels, had been drawing his heart. Now, that he was a priest, he yearned to go back to bring Jesus Christ to the Mussulman. After some difficulties, he obtained permission to go, and, in 1901, at the age of fifty, alone, this modern Father of the Desert pushed into the Sahara.

Father Foucauld did not become a proselytist. He did not harangue the Mussulman. He did not teach, he did not preach, except in that his desert life was of itself a magnificent sermon. His was the way of the mystic. "If I can do miracles of self-abasement and devotion for Jesus," he says, "then Jesus will do miracles of conversion for me." He lived a life of privation and hardship, in absolute poverty, with his two meals of a bowl of rice or a few figs a day, with his scant, broken sleep, his long journeys back and forth over the desert, always on foot, disdaining the camel by his side, plodding along mile after mile in rags that left him an easy victim of the heat of the sun and the cold of the night, or stopping for months in a crude hut for hermitage with his time spent almost entirely, asleep or awake, at the foot of the altar. Thus, this French nobleman and scholar, now a solitary priest in a "parish" some 1,250 miles long and 625 miles wide with 100,000 souls, for fifteen years slowly immolated himself for love of God and the conversion of the infidel. In 1916, during the disturbances of the Great War, he was slain by desert assassins outside his retreat, from which he was lured by the treachery of a native he had often befriended.

That, briefly, is the sketch of his extraordinary career. The whole story is admirably told by M. Bazin.圣ly men have often been unfortunate in their biographers. But not Charles de Foucauld. M. Bazin sees into the great sanity of men of holiness. Saints are never fanatics, and are usually men of good worldly as well as heavenly sense. Victims of minor piety are the fanatics, and it is they who are hangers-on of the saints and who, too often, alas, write their lives. It is too true of all men that their humor and good sense die with them while their eccentric traits live on. In the lives of saints, these eccentricities are very often held up unrelieved, and we are forced to look upon the picture of a man who is neither of earth or heaven.

M. Bazin's record is made in a very scientific and sensible manner. There is an abundance of fact and little of fancy. The result is that we see Father Foucauld as he really was: scientist, philologist, soldier, gentleman, a man of measurements and details, of lines and facts and dates and names, a practical man to the last, compiler of lexicons between devotions, translator of the Gospels into desert tongues while on hazardous journeys. We see a man who is the companion of military strategists; indeed,

a strategist himself as his correspondence with several of the French generals on the Western Front reveals, a man who has left France some shrewd advice on the successful rule of her colonies.

Yet, in his own work, Father Foucauld could point to no signs of success. In his fifteen hard years in the desert, he converted only one person, a poor, old mulatto woman. He baptized two others, a little child before death and a youth already converted by a French army sergeant. Many of those among the natives whom he loved most and did most for turned on him. They kissed his hand, as their proverb advises, because they could not cut it off. He prayed for some helper to come to sacrifice with him, but only one came and he did not stay. At times the apparent futility of his work struck him and he would cry in anguish at the unworthiness of his sacrifice that achieved so little. He prayed, he worked, he loved, and saw nothing arise from his sacrifice. He begged for martyrdom, and even martyrdom, in the strict sense of the word, was denied him. He was killed by marauding ruffians, it is true, but only indirectly because of his Faith.

Those pragmatic gentlemen, already mentioned, who are hostile to mysticism, will look far in the life of Father Foucauld to find any trace of fanaticism. His life may have appeared futile, but it was never foolish. There was no hysteria about it. He would have told you, as well as St. John of the Cross, that "Virtue consists not in apprehensions and feelings about God, however sublime they may be, nor in any personal experiences of this kind; but, on the contrary, in that which is not matter of feeling at all—in great humility." It is interesting to note that even in his last years Father Foucauld was a man who could laugh. He told a French surgeon who was sent to him for advice (a not uncommon occurrence) about the power of laughter. "I, as you see," he said, "am always laughing, showing very ugly teeth. Laughing puts the person who is talking to you in a good humor; it draws men closer together, allows them to understand each other better; it sometimes brightens up a gloomy character, it is a charity." One who acts and talks thus can hardly be a fanatic.

The story of Charles de Foucauld is largely a story of self-abasement, not passive, but active, active with the incredible energy of the mystic who seeks to strip the soul of body even before death. It is possible, perhaps, only for a few souls, and in the eyes of the many it may appear folly. But who can say it is folly in the eyes of God? Charles de Foucauld is gone from the Sahara, and there is little left but his grave, the sand-covered ruins of his hermitage huts, and his lexicons and translations for those he hoped would come after him. But who can say that the sacrifice he made was in vain? If he has not sown seed in the Sahara, may he not have sown seed in the heart of God? He, too, was but a voice crying in the wilderness. But he, too, may be the precursor of the Lord.

## Glimpses of the Tokyo Earthquake

VICTOR F. GETTELMAN, S.J.

**A**T five o'clock on August 26, as the Arizona Maru slowly pulled away from her slip, and steamed out into Tokyo bay, I looked for the last time upon the panorama of Yokohama harbor, with its magnificent concrete piers and docks, covered with warehouses, piled high with goods of every description, upon the long row of hotels and business houses in the Settlement, upon the twin spires of the Catholic Church standing forth most prominently from the highest point of the bluff. Little did I imagine that a scant five days later all this would be a scene of terror and desolation, that those piers built to withstand the fiercest typhoons, were to be swallowed up in sections by the earth yawning beneath them, that all those fine residences along the beautiful drives of the bluff were to come down like houses of cards, and everything so reduced to ashes, that as was mentioned in a letter recently received, it was scarcely possible to identify the spot where the Catholic church formerly stood.

Among the large number of friends who were on the pier to bid me good-bye were three missionaries belonging to the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Two of them, Father Lebarbey, the pastor of the English-speaking community, and Father de Noailles, procurator of the Northern Missions, were crushed to death, as their dwellings crashed down upon them. Their charred bodies were found later on and burned. The third one, Father Lemoine, who lived with Father Lebarbey near the church on the bluff, but who had his room on the second floor, was more fortunate. Buried for two hours under the wreckage, he was finally rescued, to realize the full horror of the situation. The scene of his former labors, he was chaplain of the school and orphanage of the Sisters of St. Maur, situated a third of a mile further east on the same hill, was but wreckage and desolation. The brick chapei had collapsed first, burying under its ruins the nuns and orphans. Fortunately it was still vacation time, the boarders and day-scholars both at the convent and the neighboring St. Joseph's college, had not yet arrived and so a holocaust of innocent lives was avoided.

The shocks in Yokohama were so violent that even the strongest frame buildings collapsed. The only thing on the bluff that withstood the onslaught was the new concrete school building erected by the Brothers of Mary for St. Joseph's College. At the time of my last visit in Yokohama it had just been completed and I admired its sturdy construction. But in the ensuing conflagration only the wooden framework of the roof was consumed, thus there remains at least something to start with, if Yokohama is ever to be rebuilt, which I have grave reasons to doubt. I feel sure that the Japanese Government will avidly seize the occasion to transfer all business and shipping to Tokyo, eighteen miles further up the bay, and especially thus to settle the vexed question of perpetual leases, which ex-

empted the most valuable business and residential sections of Yokohama from practically all taxation.

The Brothers all escaped from their shattered buildings and rushed to the aid of the Sisters and orphans next door, until the approaching flames drove them away from their heroic task. Ten Sisters and sixteen orphans perished in the wreck and fire.

The whole foreign community took refuge in Kobe, 400 miles southwest, where fortunately a large concrete and steel church is nearing completion and at the present writing is doubtlessly answering the needs of a Catholic congregation suddenly doubled and tripled.

But what happened to the Catholic institutions in Tokyo? Letters recently received from the Jesuit superior, Father H. Hoffmann and from Father Th. Pockstaller, S. J., dated October 1 and 2 respectively, contain vivid, personal details of that fateful September 1 and 2, which wiped out Yokohama in its entirety and destroyed two-thirds of Japan's capital. On the Sunday before the catastrophe there had been great doings at the Catholic University. Mgr. Lopez de Rego, S.J., had received Episcopal consecration as Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline Islands. Within the same week there arrived five Fathers and two lay Brothers from Europe. Father Hoffmann had intended to go to Yokohama that Saturday morning to take care of their valuable and voluminous baggage, but as it rained he postponed the trip, which fact probably saved his life. The baggage eventually was utterly lost in the cataclysm. At 11:58 most of the Fathers were in their rooms when the whole house began to rock, bookcases and desks tumbled over and pandemonium reigned. As soon as there was a lull in the convulsion of nature, all rushed out to see what damage had been done. The Fathers' residence, a new concrete house, finished a few months before, had stood the shocks comparatively well. A more careful examination later on revealed that some of the concrete columns in the basement had been buckled, so as to show some of the steel rods protruding through the concrete. Also a number of cracks developed in the north wall, through which the torrential typhoon rains are beating now and then. Extensive repairs are unavoidable. The Japanese buildings on the University grounds were but slightly damaged. But the beautiful three-story brick building housing the University lecture rooms and library looked rather bad.

It had not collapsed, as other brick buildings had done, owing probably to the fact that the summer before, at great expense, it had been rendered as safe as a three-story brick building could be. But the staircase tower was terribly cracked, the roof over the large assembly hall was sagging, the entire south wall of the third floor hanging outward and threatening to crumble. Father Pockstaller writes that work is going forward to tear down the third floor; whether the two remaining stories or anything at all can be saved is still doubtful at present writing.

The shocks were so severe that even on the first floor

all of the heavy slate blackboards cemented to the brick walls were thrown to the floor.

Father Pockstaller himself had a very narrow escape. At the time of the first great quake he was riding in a street car, returning home from the business section of the city.

Suddenly, he says, the heavy car began to rock like a baby carriage. Looking out of the window to find out what was the matter I saw a few feet away, at the side of the car, a three-story building swerve, then burst and come down with a frightful crash, the debris partly covering the car in which I was sitting. The cloud of dust thrown up made it impossible for a while to see anything. When that cloud disappeared, a terrible sight was before my eyes: people running about with terror pictured on their pale faces, one house after another bursting. In several places close by dark, heavy clouds of smoke marked the beginning of the terrible conflagration, that was to consume the greater part of the city in less than ten hours.

After reaching the college on foot and finding that everybody, servants included, was safe, Father Pockstaller hurried to the Sacred Heart Academy, three miles southwest, where that morning he had exposed the Blessed Sacrament, it being the first Saturday of the month. There he found the whole Community of Religious of the Sacred Heart, some forty in number, in the garden, most of them about a little table on which were placed the broken monstrance and the ciborium.

At the time of the quake the whole Community was in the chapel for their examination of conscience, when suddenly they beheld the chapel moving and swaying, the statues coming down from their pedestals, the upper part of their heavy marble altar with the monstrance tumbling forward. Nobody was hurt. The year before a large sum of money had been spent in putting in steel trusses in the chapel vaulting and replacing the plaster ceiling by wood paneling; this, no doubt, saved the lives of the Community.

When things quieted down, the Rev. Mother Vicar, who had come from Australia to make the visitation of the Community, took up the broken monstrance, the Mother Superior opened the tabernacle to remove the ciborium and the Community filed out in orderly procession. Of their four large buildings only the oldest one in the center can be repaired. It was essentially a strong frame structure with a brick shell. All the rest will have to be demolished and rebuilt. In the meantime some friends in the neighborhood have given the use of their Japanese buildings for school purposes, temporary barracks are erected and classes have been resumed, most of the pupils having returned.

Of the two other Sisters' schools in Tokyo, one, in Kanda, was reduced to ashes, one Sister being killed by a falling chimney; the other one, within three blocks of the Catholic University, had the brick chapel collapsing, the frame school buildings being spared, as the fire came to a stop on Sunday evening within five blocks of these two institutions.

Four Catholic churches situated in the lower city were consumed by fire, the catastrophe coming upon them so quickly that, in most cases, the Blessed Sacrament could not be saved and the Missionaries barely escaped with their lives.

His Excellency, the Papal Delegate, Mgr. Mario Giardini, could save nothing of his belongings, and for a time resided with the Jesuit Fathers, until a rich Japanese Catholic, Mr. Oki, gave him one of his houses at Omori, some six miles south of Tokyo.

Help is urgently needed for the stricken Catholic Mission of Tokyo, and as Father Hoffmann writes, they are all fervently praying that St. Joseph may touch the hearts of some powerful benefactor, else the good work so laboriously prepared and watered with so many privations and sufferings will be nipped in the bud.

## The Meaning of Dreams

REV. E. BOYD BARRETT, S.J., M.A., PH.D.

*Seventh of a series of articles on the New Psychology.*

**I**N my paper on the methods of psycho-therapy reference was made to the importance therein attached to the interpretation of dreams. It is now necessary to dwell more fully on this interesting and important subject, for there can be no doubt that in cases of psycho-neuroses, very great help can be gained by examining the dreams of patients. Their dreams give an insight into the factors of their mental troubles and into their personal attitude towards them. To put the matter somewhat figuratively, the dream is to the neurologist, what the pulse is to the medical practitioner. And there is no question but that the new psychology has made a great "hit" in working up the science of dreams.

What is strangest, perhaps, about dreams is our own attitude towards them. While we are asleep, the situation, however incongruous, thrilling or menacing, is actual and true for us. When awake, we regard it as unreal and false. We are credulous when asleep, incredulous when awake. A few minutes ago we were trembling, as we hung on the edge of a precipice. And now, though still perhaps a little unnerved, still feeling our hearts palpitating, we smile at the foolishness of our dream. But smile as we may, it was very real! Our emotions were of the same nature as those we experience when awake. Our "reflexes" were the same, too, though perhaps less complete. There was something which appalled us, an experience which we had, and which we can now only partly reconstruct. For by waking up, a "dissociation" has occurred in our minds. We have passed from sleep to being awake. We have broken away or "dissociated" ourselves from a previous mental state, and to recross the chasm, to reconstruct the dream fully, is impossible.

Hardly less striking a characteristic of dreams is their intimate significance for ourselves. The moment we analyze a dream, tracing by association its relation to our

past experiences, we see how closely it concerns us. Dreams unfortunately cannot be fully or accurately recorded, but what does remain in memory is usually pictorial, comprising one or more visualized acts, staged in a dramatic way and sometimes the dream-feelings are remembered. The stage is crowded sometimes, and there is much scene-shifting. At other times the stage is almost empty and only a commonplace incident occurs. But the details, such as they are, are usually familiar.

The person or persons are in part or wholly recognizable; so, too, are the places and situations. Much of the dream may come from very recent experience, the street we walked yesterday, or the football game we witnessed. But the juxtaposition is usually incomprehensible. Napoleon may be seen flying across the Channel or Shakespeare typewriting a leader for the *Times*. The dream then takes the things we know, combines them in dimensions that negative space, time and conventions, and puts us playing a part in a puppet-show before our eyes.

*All that happens is a dream takes place without a hitch,* in the sense that *impossible things are accomplished without difficulty*. All is illogical, if you like, and untrue to life, if you like; but still there is a unification in it; it is "rationalized." It is the work of a lawless imagination, and one may say, a freak-work of the mind, a riotous outburst of thought; but even an imagination gone mad is ruled by psychical laws. *A dream, too, is part of ourselves,* springing from and fabricated by ourselves, redolent of our ambitions, fancies, feelings, inner thoughts, the creation of our mind working on our own experience and our own outlook on life. As a dream it contains diverse things culled from levels high and low of our experience; plaited and interwoven with associations of our mind; toned with inward, shadowy, slowly-growing impulses and feelings; awakening, by some unknown unconscious force, moods and impulses that seem to dwell deep down on the borderland of our consciousness.

Even such a brief survey of the characteristics of dreams as we have given naturally provokes the questions: *What is the source of dreams?* Is an interpretation of dreams possible?

To such questions as these Sigmund Freud has replied in his work on the "Interpretation of Dreams," which launched the modern theory of dreams that has excited, of late, such an extraordinary amount of attention. This theory forms the mainspring of the Freudian therapeutic method which has been widely adopted by psycho-analysis.

There had been thousands of dream-books before Freud's day, but no scientist worthy of the name had ever occupied himself with those apparently nonsensical phenomena until Freud observed a strange relationship between the condition of some of his patients and their dreams. Here, again, he proceeded not from a preconceived theory, but in a purely empirical way, collecting numberless dreams, and analyzing them as methodically as a scientist, finding himself in the presence of an unknown body, would determine its nature and composition by weighing it, measuring it and submitting it to various reagents. (Tridon. Psycho-analysis, p. 39).

When Freud had sufficiently studied dreams he found his solution of the dream-problem in his theory of *the transition, from the subconscious to the conscious mind*, of dream-thoughts, which passed through the barrier of "censorship" in a disguised form during sleep.

In the subconscious the dream originates. In the subconscious *the true dream-thought* is to be found—the *latent* or hidden content of the dream. The urge or wish that is later on satisfied or fulfilled in the dream, as memorized, lies in the subconscious. The *feeling* or "affect," too, which accompanies the dream, as it appears, finds its true explanation in the subconscious dream-thought. The dream as it appears is the falsified dream, or, if you will, it is the true dream disguised and distorted. It is called the "manifest content" of the dream. It is strange, bizarre, incongruous, and symbolic. It is absurd and meaningless in itself. Its true meaning can only be discovered by getting back to the distortions, and then we have interpreted the dream. But how are the dream-thoughts disguised and distorted? Through some "unconscious" mental mechanism, it would seem—a mechanism to which the name "*Censor*" is given—and which is akin to that kind of unconscious will to which St. Augustine referred. We have not space to dwell upon the various theories of dream-interpretation.

For Catholics it is well to point out that so long as there is no superstition involved in dream-interpretation, and provided the interpretation be of use for psycho-therapy or some other legitimate end, they are free to submit to it. A word of warning is necessary, however, as regards Freudian interpretation, which is usually grossly sexual. Freudians shut their eyes to the obvious fact that most dreams have nothing to do with the sex-urge—as for instance the following dream, which we adduce as an example of the simpler mechanisms of dream-elaboration and disguise.

It was the dream of a young lady whose brother was very ill, dying in fact, and who at the same time was, on account of her political views, being watched by secret service agents of the Government. The young lady was at the time suffering from depression. She dreamt that "P. B.", an officer in the army of the Government, whom she had known pretty well but who was opposed to her politically, was dead. She was very sorry and crying. The news was brought to her by a secret service agent. She felt, in her dream, that she had liked "P. B." very much.

*Now, as to the interpretation of this dream.* "P. B." really represented her brother. It was really a dream of her brother's death, for she cared very little about "P. B." and he was a political enemy. Her dislike to the secret service agents was symbolized by their being the channel of the bad news. Her two sub-conscious fears were thus realized in this bad dream or nightmare, but in a disguised way: one, her brother's death; the other, injury from the secret service agents. *Thus the "affect," the*

*sorrow and crying, belonged to the real dream-thought, the hidden, latent, meaning of the dream.* The "manifest content" of the dream was, as it usually is, misleading.

Recently the present writer had a vivid dream, in which he felt himself confronted with a situation which he felt to be akin to one previously faced. Even in the dream he experienced a sense of familiarity with the situation. He dreamed that he was crossing out, from the contents' page of a book he was writing, the chapters that he felt to be finished. As he did so he felt himself saying: "Now that is done and finished with! I'm rid of that." At the same time he was conscious that the chapter of the book symbolized something else. On awakening he at once reviewed the dream and began to search his memory for what it referred to. Then he clearly recalled to mind the situation that the dream brought back in a disguised way. A few days previously he had been engaged in answering letters, and in making up arrears in correspondence. The task seemed too formidable and having made a list of his correspondents he had deliberately stroked out three names, saying more or less the words used in the dream: "Now I'm rid of that" (correspondent). The whole thing had presented itself as a problem to him and its solution was drastic.

Evidently the affair had made a deeper impression upon him than he realized, for the sub-conscious staged it again as a dream with a distinct and similar feeling-tone. The symbolism of the dream was not without interest. The "correspondents" were symbolized as chapters; the "writing" element remained even in the symbolism. In the dream there were also "affect," "displacement" and the "secondary elaboration."

One important reason for studying dreams in mental and nerve cases is the possibility of some serious symptom, perhaps even homicidal tendency, betraying itself in the dream, long before it could come to be suspected from the external conduct of the patient. Dr. Rivers tells in full of such a discovery in the dream of one of his patients.

To sum up our views on the subject of dreams we believe it to be the duty of neurologists to study carefully the dreams of their patients, and even to strive by means of free-associations to get at the fuller meaning of the dreams. As regards symbolism, it is dangerous to be dogmatic. On the one hand no doubt the elements of the dream usually symbolize something or other, if they are not directly representative. But on the other hand, it is too much to say that the same symbol means the same thing for different people. It may and it may not. Freudians have gone to ridiculous extremes in this matter. Dreams have no doubt a biological significance, and tell for bodily well-being in some way or other. Also they have psychological significance, and are doubtless the output of the sub-conscious. That some dreams are "wishes-fulfilments," such for instance as the ice cream and plum-cake dreams of children, is obvious. Others are equally

clearly problem or conflict dreams, in which the mind in a disguised way works on at the puzzles and difficulties of waking life. Of other dreams, some without doubt are sex dreams, some self-preservation dreams; in both kinds the animal instinct of man inspires the course of the imagery of the dream. Lastly, some dreams are merely representative of past experiences. Our dreams betray what we are to a greater or less extent, for they show what we like and dislike, and what we worry over. Also they often betray in a clear way our abnormalities.

## Can Europe Pay Her Debts?

EUGENE WEARE

*Special Correspondent of AMERICA*

RECENTLY, there was a startling statement handed to the newspaper correspondents at Washington upon the authority of the American Debt-funding Commission, the full importance and significance of which seem not to have been grasped either by the press of the country or the people. The bankers, of course, read the statement, pondered a bit and understood, as bankers generally do. But the great mass of our people, if they read the statement at all, paid to it no attention whatever. It is characteristic of what might be termed our national frame of mind in money matters. Where governmental finance is concerned most of our people think and talk and act like drunken men or fools.

The statement set forth that there is owed to this nation and people by a dozen or more European nations upwards of twelve billions of dollars. Except for the principal sum of four and one-half billion dollars which has been funded by the British, and the agreement on the part of the Finns to pay what they owe, no effort whatever has been made by our debtors to pay either the principal or the interest on the money owed us.

During the war, you who read these lines were taxed each year the sum of \$28.75 to pay for our actual war expenditures. In addition, you were taxed, and you are being taxed at the present time to pay your share of the interest on this twelve billion dollars. In other words, you not only had to pay your share of the cost of the war but you are now being made to pay the other fellow's share as well. Those who loaned this Government the twelve billion dollars, which the Government in turn loaned to France, England, Italy, Belgium and the others, must be paid each year the interest on their money. Our European debtors having refused to pay this item of interest, you have been called upon to pay it for them.

The French are being taxed each year about one billion dollars for all purposes. The Britisher pays about four and one-half times as much. The much advertised Government of Mussolini exacts from each of its subjects one-third of the annual yearly income. You pay, for interest on the money you loaned to the European nations, half a billion dollars. You pay this in addition to the

stupendous sums which you pay to meet our own war debt and to keep up with the staggering costs of the national Government in all its many and varied undertakings.

If the full significance of this dawns upon you, you may be inclined to look further into the matter in an effort to learn why it is that your debtors, not only refuse to make any attempt to pay what they owe, but refuse even to pay the interest on their debt. You may be tempted to inquire: Why don't they pay something? The answer is: They can't. It is impossible. No way has been devised, as yet, by which a bankrupt may be made to pay what he has not. To bring the matter nearer to home and the personal touch, ponder this: Suppose that before the war, your aggregate wealth amounted to fifty thousand dollars. Suppose that during the war you not only spent this sum, but a thousand times as much which you have borrowed from your friends and business associates. These gentlemen now call upon you to pay the fifty millions. Can you do it? Again: Suppose that before the war, your annual income from all sources amounted to five thousand dollars. Now, it is five millions, but your general expenses have increased in proportion to your increased income. You are called upon to pay the interest on the fifty millions which you owe, a matter of about two millions, more or less. Can you do it? Of course, you cannot. Your income, despite the fact that it is a thousand times as much as it was formerly, won't pay your current expenses much less your interest charges.

So it is with most of our European debtors. They don't pay because they cannot. It may be, as some say, that the French are not doing all that they could and should. But even if they make an honest attempt to meet their foreign obligations, little of any substantial value could be secured.

The figures set out last week regarding the national finances of the British and the French may be repeated over and over and applied to all, or nearly all, European governments. Take Italy, for example. One you hear a great deal about is Mussolini and the intense nationalism which he has roused in his people. The dictator has succeeded thus far in staving off national revolution by a play to the people, with his black shirts, his imperialistic action and a threatened war with Greece, a country of less than one-eighth the population of Italy. But he is just about as far from the approach to the solution of his real difficulty as it is possible to conceive. Money talks in Italy just as it does in France or Germany or England or the United States. And the one-time Socialistic fanatic seems not to be on speaking terms with the coin of the realm. The shouts of "Long Live the King" may be changed soon to "When Do We Eat?" When that day arrives it will be interesting to follow the actions of the leader of the Fascisti.

Here is the real problem Mussolini has to face, concerning which you hear but little amid the clamor of his

followers: Italy has too many mouths to feed, too much expense and too little income. Before the war, her per capita income was \$112 per year as against \$185 in France and \$335 in the United States. For more than thirty years the tide of Italian emigration to this country and elsewhere has steadily mounted until, at the outbreak of the war, it hovered about 500,000 in a single year. Despite this, her population increased from twenty-seven millions in 1876 to about thirty-five millions in 1914. Italy lost a million men by war and disease but she gained in population more than two millions between 1911 and 1921. No other nation on this earth came near to these figures. After the war came world-wide trade depression and, worse than all else, restrictive immigration in the United States, Canada and Australia. Meanwhile, the population continues to increase. At the present time, this goes on at the average rate of fifteen hundred per day, and unemployment figures mount higher and higher. At this writing close to one million people, out of a total population of about thirty-five millions, are jobless.

Again: During the war, Italy increased her public debt 572 per cent, from two and one-half billions in 1914 to fifteen billions in 1919. She spent fifteen billions during the year and raised one billion for war expenses. For every dollar she spent in the war, she raised five cents by taxation. The remaining 95 per cent of her war expenditures she secured by inflating her currency—the game they all played in Europe—and by borrowing from everybody who was willing to lend. We loaned her a billion and a half which, with the accrued interest, brings her debt to us to the staggering sum of two billions of dollars on which she cannot pay a cent. Her taxes are probably the heaviest in all Europe. One-third of the national income goes to pay taxes. In the light of all this one can understand the statement tucked away in an inconspicuous part of the Debt-Funding Commission's communication to the press: "The Government of Italy has carried on some preliminary correspondence in regard to sending a representative to Washington, but none has yet been received and no proposals have been made." Boy, page Mr. Mussolini!

What of poor Belgium! Here you have a densely populated country, striving heroically to keep up under a two-hundred per cent increase in national overhead expenses and a 35 per cent decrease in national income. It goes without saying that it cannot be done. For a while the crumbs from the table of surplus savings may be available. After that—chaos. German reparations? No. The whole Franco-Belgian theory on the question of German reparations is in danger of collapsing. We felt that it would collapse from its inception. We said so a thousand times, in printed page, by word of mouth, in most of the capital cities of Europe, to statesman and soldier, to Cardinal Prince, dethroned monarch, and stricken refugee.

And yet, the question of what Germany can or cannot pay—again a question of dollars and cents—is vital to the

solution of the European difficulty. As matters now stand she can and will pay nothing. But it is interesting to speculate on what might have been done by the exercise of ordinary common sense. Another paper on this matter and we shall have finished.

### COMMUNICATIONS

*The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department*

#### Best Ten and Athletics

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

Congratulations on the discussion of the Best Ten. Even though the result were a list of little practicable value, the discussion and the consequent achievement of bringing so many good books to the attention of interested readers of AMERICA, is a great work. I mention this because some of the communications seem to identify the merits of the whole endeavor, with the worth of the list that will be its final result.

Where are the opinions of our Catholic colleges? If this were a question of selecting the season's all-star football team, would we not have heard from many of them before this? The answer may suggest a thought or two to those who are interested in the discussion regarding college athletics.

Woodstock, Md.

T. L. CONNOLLY, S.J.

#### Oberammergau's Home for the Aged

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

In 1922 thousands of Americans, traveling in Europe, went to Oberammergau and witnessed the presentation of the famous centuries old Passion Play. If these same visitors were to see this peaceful little village now as winter draws near, they would hardly recognize it as the prosperous center of a year ago. Through an unfortunate contract with Cook's Tours Co., and the American Express Co., together with the unforeseen collapse of the mark, these pious, simple, unbusiness-like people saw over *ninety per cent.* of the money, supposedly paid by spectators to the inhabitants of Oberammergau for the privilege of attending the Passion Play, go into the pockets of strangers. Only a few worthless marks were given them for their own hard year's work.

Oberammergau has always depended for its existence upon its wood carvings, ceramic and other artistic productions. With the European markets practically closed to them, the inhabitants are turning to America in their need and a committee in New York is to take charge in the near future of an exhibition of carvings and home industries which they are sending across the ocean.

Meanwhile, though the pinch of poverty is being felt and many are without any means of subsistence, their savings of a lifetime being rendered useless by the mark's falling to over 400 billion to the dollar and rated in America at less than a trillion to a dollar, Mrs. Anton Lang and a few other active members of the community have been trying to collect funds to build an old folks' home and to feed the poor and needy until at least next spring, when the sale of their goods exhibited in America should somewhat relieve the situation. They still need several hundred dollars before their work can be called a success, and the old and destitute can be given shelter and one meal a day. Perhaps some who witnessed the Passion Play last year, and received a treat for body and soul alike, would be glad to aid the village in its hour of distress. People who chose rather to keep their vow to God of not commercializing their Sacred Play, as the Oberammergau actors did when even with hard times facing them they refused a million dollar offer for the moving picture rights of the Passion Play, certainly deserve help from generous persons who can appreciate what it means nowadays to stand fast by an exalted ideal.

Father Vaughan's communication in AMERICA last September pictures conditions very truly. From personal observations made in Bavaria I can state that, if anything, present conditions are far worse. Without quoting a number of prices for staple necessities, let me merely observe that the letters I received in this morning's mail begging for help had each one a postage stamp that read "15 million marks."

Donations sent to the editor of AMERICA will be forwarded safely and directly to their destination.

Innsbruck.

BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J.

#### What Books Do Catholics Read?

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

Your expedition in search of the Best Ten Catholic Books, in English, has apparently made an auspicious start across the dread desert of discussion. But I would suggest, with due diffidence, that of greater importance than the determination of the books Catholics should read, is the discovery of those books Catholics do read, especially during their adolescent and most impressionable ages, say during their finishing years in our academies. What authors have fired their imaginations and set for them the standards by which they will, through life, measure the merits of men, women, monks and crusaders?

Philadelphia.

W. K. M.

#### Faulty Child-Labor Legislation

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

You are to be warmly commended for your editorial in AMERICA of November 3, entitled "Faulty Child-Labor Legislation," in which you make the only informed comment upon the subject that I have seen in any newspaper or magazine respecting the two child-labor decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States (italics mine):

The fact that every Federal law against child labor has been held invalid by the Supreme Court, does not mean that the law can offer no remedy. *It merely means that the remedy has been sought at the wrong source.* Were a moiety of the energy now invoked to devise a Federal statute, proof against the scrutiny of the Supreme Court, employed to secure legislation in the States where it is needed, and to enforce it in those States in which it already exists, we should make giant strides toward the elimination of an exceedingly serious social evil, which, if unchecked, will work untold harm.

The trouble is that the workers for bettering the conditions of child-labor concentrate their efforts in Washington instead of at the places of wrong, which are very few. The United States Department of Agriculture reports (Child Labor in the United States, page 11, et seq.) that, according to the census data, there had been from 1910 to 1920 a remarkable diligence on the part of the States in improving and extending their laws limiting the age, requiring attendance at school, cutting down the length of the day, and otherwise restricting the employing of children.

The Tenth Amendment, the last one of the Bill of Rights, which means the last and the most emphatic word in the Constitution as the framers ultimately shaped it, is this:

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

That was the warning of the people to the National Government to attend to its own affairs and to let alone the affairs of the States. When, therefore, the National Congress undertook to exercise police power (which the National Government does not possess) over State affairs, by enacting a child-labor law under the cloak of the commerce clause, the Supreme Court said that the law was in no sense a regulation of commerce, but was clearly an interference in the local affairs of the State; and then, when Congress tried to tax the product of child labor out of existence, the Supreme Court held that, instead of imposing a tax for raising

revenue in support of Government, it was plainly penalizing employers in the State over whom it had no constitutional jurisdiction.

But a child-labor law of a State, the only authority which has power to enact it, will be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States, as it sustained (*Sturgess v. Beauchamp*, 31 U. S. 320) the child-labor law of Illinois enacted twenty years ago.

The lack of a knowledge of the fundamentals which has been betrayed by the newspaper comments on the child-labor decisions, as well as on some others, discloses a grave danger in the Republic. It is therefore gratifying to find in AMERICA so clear a statement of a governing constitutional principle.

Chicago.

T. J. NORTON.

#### Intolerance in Politics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I would like to express my satisfaction and agreement with the remarks of your Lowell, Mass., correspondent in his communication, "Vote for the Most Deserving," which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for November 3.

The bigotry in our own camp is of so smug a nature as to seem hopeless at times, especially is this to be noted at election time when you hear on all sides, "Vote for your own kind." I resent, with all my faculties, this classification in not a few instances. As a Catholic of Irish descent I refuse to believe that certain candidates with Irish names, from the doors of whose establishments—cafes, restaurants, etc.—reel drunken girls and maudlin escorts, are "my kind." They have the effrontery to claim membership among us, simply as a bait for votes, but they are seldom, if ever, seen at the altar. Nevertheless, these are the people who advertise as "Irish Catholics" and they seek to represent the public. They laugh at the idea of obeying the law, simply because the law does not suit them. This is the day of advertising and naturally the public pictures the goods according to the brand offered. The amazing part of it all is that decent, honest, God-fearing Catholics, knowing all this, put the seal of approbation on these hypocrites by giving them the "power behind the throne." Even now, in Chicago, with a Catholic mayor, striving under a load requiring almost superhuman intelligence, you will find the petty whisperers starting. He ought to do more for "his own kind." We are the ones, we who should uncompromisingly stand shoulder to shoulder with him, who will be responsible if the structure falls, not the Ku Klux or any other screamingly malicious and traitorous organization blazoned on the horizon.

I have myself come in contact with apparently honest and decent men who thought their jobs were at stake, who painted political bosses in such angelic hues in order to win my vote and my limited influence, that even though I knew the opposite was the fact, I almost believed the person under discussion must have a twin brother. If I so much as hinted at "scratching" my ticket to vote for his Protestant opponent, a man of sterling, honorable character, a friend and admirer of Catholic institutions, I received a look of black suspicion that spoke volumes.

We have enough ignorance and bigotry to battle outside our fold without permitting the servants of gluttony and greed who wear our livery to stand before the community as typically "our kind." The phrase has become nauseating.

Chicago.

MARY FOOTE COUGHLIN.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There is no comparison between the Ku Klux Klan and those Catholic politicians who at times argue in favor of voting "for one of our own kind," as suggested by George F. O'Dwyer in AMERICA of November 3, under the heading, "Vote for the Most Deserving." In no Catholic community in the land has objection ever been made to Protestants simply because of their religion.

There has been no secret, oath-bound, masked body of Catholics, discriminating against Protestants in business, professional, and political life.

To my own knowledge, during the past fifty years, Catholic politicians have been more actively engaged in electing non-Catholics than Catholics, to public office. Even in localities where the majority of the voters of the dominant party were Catholics, a candidate was often objected to for the simple reason that he was a Catholic, and often the Catholic candidate failed of election, while the others on the ticket would be elected. Obviously, there was already in existence a pronounced Protestant party. Was not this proscription a sufficient cause to force Catholics to get together in self defense? Still no such movement ever took shape.

I have no particular admiration for Catholic politicians. They are by no means representative of the Catholic laity, although they are as good representatives of the citizenry of the country as the Methodist, Baptist, or other non-Catholic politicians. When did any body of Catholic men, masked or unmasked, ever march up the aisle of a Catholic church during a service, or at any other time, and declare war upon Protestants? Mr. O'Dwyer grossly insults the Catholic laity of these United States when he refers to the least amiable of Catholic politicians as Ku Klux Katholics.

Mr. O'Dwyer quotes the Lowell *Courier-Citizen*, and its Masonic editor's plausible excuse for the existence of the Ku Klux Klan. The editor ought to know, unless he was born but yesterday, the fact that if a man were a Catholic, it was sufficient reason for his exclusion from public life not so many years ago. And in a pronouncedly Protestant community today, this condition still exists. The antipathy to Catholics existed even before there were any Catholics to be assailed. The early Colonial Constitution of the State of Rhode Island denied the right of citizenship to Catholics, a proscription that was repealed when Count D'Estaing and his Catholic Navy entered Newport harbor in 1778, and when Count Rochambeau with his Catholic army encamped at Providence. Eighty years ago, Rhode Island adopted an amendment discriminating against foreign-born citizens (aimed directly against the Irish), a discrimination it repealed about thirty-five years ago.

The Knownothingness of the fifties was only the fruition of early Protestantism, the principal stock in trade of which was denunciations of "Popery"; and the K. K. K. is its present offspring. Protestant mobs in those early days destroyed convent schools and Catholic churches, and no one was ever brought to account. A Jesuit priest was tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail in Maine, and other priests were mistreated in other parts of the country. If a Catholic mob had done a similar act in reprisal, would it not have been intelligible? But no such act ever was committed. The K. K. K. continues to follow the traditional examples of their forefathers.

The most Catholic State in the Union is Rhode Island which, today, is half Catholic, and the population of the city of Providence is more than half Catholic. No aggressive Catholic cry has ever been raised in Rhode Island, and a majority of its present office holders are non-Catholics. A considerable proportion of its official family some years ago were, and probably still are, members of the Masonic Fraternity.

If we Catholics were as jealous of our personal rights as Protestants are, and responded as quickly to assaults as Protestants do, the effect of the present wave of bigotry might be regarded as Providential. It affords the opportunity to show of what superior material we are to those who make such exhibitions of themselves. We may not convert them, but they are preparing the way for all reasonable men to see the glorious beauties of holy Church, if we but make clear the way. We must awake and prove by our examples, that Catholic standards are the highest standards of manhood.

Brooklyn.

M. J. O'CONNELL.

# AMERICA

## A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1923

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### Shall We Suppress the Private School?

THE budget of the great State of California for 1923, including all expenditures is about \$40,000,000. The City of New York will spend more than two and one-half times this sum, or \$103,000,000, *on her schools alone* in 1924. Only two States, New York and Pennsylvania spend more for all State purposes than New York City does for the one item of schools, and the State budget of Pennsylvania exceeds the city school budget by only \$13,000,000. What the city is trying to do for education is further illustrated by the fact that in the six-year period 1918-1924, the city will have expended \$175,000,000 for building purposes alone. These figures incidentally throw a bright light on the characteristically ignorant statement of Mr. H. G. Wells, that American cities house their schools in huts and hovels.

As far, then, as money and careful supervision can guarantee success, it would seem that the New York schools should be wholly satisfactory. Yet a report compiled for the Chicago Tribune by Mr. Arthur Evans agrees with the claim made by the Public Instruction Association of New York, that present conditions are deplorable. Of an enrollment of 955,000 pupils in the public schools, 377,000 are on part time or in double shifts. "Congestion is much worse than it ever was before," reports the Association. Due to this overcrowding and consequent "turmoil," writes Mr. Evans, "educational standards have been greatly lowered," while the pupils "have fallen off in accomplishment" as is evidenced by the large number who failed of promotion in the elementary grades. No one, it would appear, can be blamed for this state of affairs. The population is increasing so rapidly, and shifting from one neighborhood to another is so frequent and unforeseen that the authorities can not possibly meet the educational demand.

What would happen were the private schools to be closed, and the school board asked to provide facilities for their 220,000 pupils, can be easily imagined. Perhaps the congestion is worse in New York than elsewhere, but from every large city in the country comes a story of difficulties similar in nature if not in magnitude. The story does not suggest that it would be wise to close the private schools.

### Otherworldliness

TO the uninstructed, among whom are many of the best educated, Catholics are undoubtedly somewhat of a puzzle. In every good Catholic there is always, to the uninstructed, something which is an intangible quantity, incalculable and unpredictable. The Catholic seems to look on life from a different angle. He often appears not to be consulting "his best good." On certain public questions he will not always run with the herd. He seems to have a genius for espousing unpopular and hopeless causes. He is often classed among the ineffectual, the failures, the outsiders. He wears the look of a stranger in a world of steel and machinery and gold. Yet he is happy, he is contented, and he often looks on the rest as deluded fools. The uninstructed have fashioned various theories to account for this phenomenon. Sometimes it is dismissed with a name: "mysticism." Sometimes it is attributed to racial roots: Celtic unpracticality and the like. St. Paul tells us that the peoples he came into contact with, Jews and pagan Romans and Greeks, found it, the former a stumbling block and the latter foolishness. Yet the key to the Catholic position, so obvious and yet so rarely discovered, is the quality of otherworldliness. Our Lord summed it up in an immortal sentence: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

Otherworldliness is the quality that sees the chief reality in the other world. What wonder that it so often baffles those who see no reality beyond this world? To look on oneself as a pilgrim, and on this life as but the road to the place of pilgrimage; to see clearly the truth that absolutely nothing matters in life except to save one's soul; to be convinced that this small parcel of our existence is but the beginning of eternity; this is more than "mysticism" and foolishness. It is the hardest kind of common sense. Yet a large number of men, even those who call themselves Christians, but to whom eternity and immortality, Heaven and Hell, are no more than names, who in spite of what they profess, yet act as if there were no life after this, reject, through cowardliness or sheer negligence, the idea of a life ordered on the thought of another after this.

He who would understand Catholics, must probe down in them until he comes to otherworldliness. The Catholic who would make his non-Catholic neighbor understand his religion must uncover to him his own otherworldliness. Then it will be seen why the Church forbids Catholics to send their children to any but a Catholic school. The only

good citizen of a State is he who sees his duties as duties paid to God. It will be seen why birth-control is called what it is—a sin against reason and against God; why large families are not condemned, and yet why celibacy is in honor. It will be clear why remarriage after divorce is called what Christ bluntly called it, adultery. All these things to the Catholic are wrong, because he sees reality as a whole, the other life and this together, God as the source of all reality, and each man a unit in a universe of law, governed by God. Let no man or woman, then, call the Catholic undemocratic, an enemy of the State as the pagan Romans did. Otherworldliness, in public life, in family life, in education, is not the opposite of democracy. Democracy is the rule of justice and of fraternal love. Otherworldliness is the only sturdy foe of tyranny and injustice. Only he who sees the greater good beyond the grave can ungrudgingly die for justice this side of the grave.

#### Vaudeville in the Pulpit

**T**HAT "the churches do not hold the people" is a common charge. To a very large extent, the charge is true, and one reason why it is true can be found in clergymen whose outlook upon life and special talents fit them for the vaudeville stage rather than for church leadership. On the second Sunday of November, one of these alleged "leaders" in New York literally "staged" a special service for his people. He began by reading "poems to beauty" composed by Keats, Shelley, Spenser, Emerson and Bliss Carman. This part of the "service" ended with a duet for harp and piano. Meanwhile a succession of colored lights played over the altar and the perfume of incense was wafted through the edifice. Then the congregation was invited to repair to the churchyard where the pastor recited "the prayer of the Navajo Indians to beauty." At the conclusion of this interesting oration, the pastor unveiled a fresco executed in Morene cement on the wall of the church. The design figured skipping gazelles, swans, a crane, flowers, fish, birds on the wing and "dancing appletrees," and, in the words of the pastor, signified "the primitive gestures of pure happiness in a conception which should mean happiness to us all." In the interval, a typical New York crowd gathered outside the gates in numbers which soon engaged the attention of the traffic police.

It is this sort of buffoonery which is alienating thousands of earnest men and women who in dim ways seek for God if haply they may find Him. Occasionally, at least, they attend some church service, hoping to learn something of Almighty God, of their duties to Him, and to their fellows. They soon realize that these fundamental principles of the spiritual life are among the last upon which the pastor is willing or competent to discourse. Many a "hard headed business man" who might conceive, perhaps faintly, a salutary notion of the distinction between mine and thine after a vigorous ser-

mon on the commandment "Thou shalt not steal," will only laugh at the dancing appletrees and the shifting colored lights, reflecting that he can find performances of this type, offered with a professional finish, at the nearest vaudeville theater. Again, even in this busy world of today there are souls that seek to find a secure refuge in Almighty God through a clearer understanding of prayer and sacrifice. They will be simply repelled if met, as they often will be, by a ranting political stump-speech on the next election or a diatribe directed against the shortcomings of the local police commissioner. One has but to read the church-announcement page, which in many American cities is a source of large revenue to enterprising newspapers, to realize sadly that St. Paul, whose boast it was that he preached Jesus Christ only and Him Crucified, has no influence whatever in the non-Catholic urban pulpit of today.

Thousands of Americans are today searching in all good faith for some path which will lead them to Almighty God. Americans were once a religious people. Today it is estimated by statisticians that a bare forty per cent of the American people have any connection whatever with any church or religious organization, and in many cases, as is plain, the connection is purely nominal. In His own way and in His own time God will be merciful to all who seek Him, but they will find no sustenance at the hands of those who instead of sharing that small fraction of the bread of life at their disposal, offer a fresco done in Morene cement.

#### People, Press and Politics

**T**HERE was a time when the people took their politics from the press. Editors thundered away at political foes, and the crowd followed cheering and voting. The voting does not accompany the cheering today, and the editor that fancies he is guiding political opinion is an interesting anachronism. Recent election returns in New York point a lesson to editors. It is simply this: The reader today is after news, and when he gets the news he forms his own opinions. Many old-line journalists regret this; many readers, too, may lament it; but the fact stands that the newspaper of today is just what its name signifies and nothing else in the mind of the reading public.

As the press has developed into a big business enterprise its energies should now be devoted to presenting the news accurately and impartially. It no longer makes any difference to the modern reader what the editor of the *Moon* or the *Star* may think of the different political parties. Probably the only thought, or at least the uppermost thought, in the reader's mind as the morning paper appears is: "What has happened in the last twenty-four hours?" The newspaper should answer that question to the best of its ability. If it does that it acquires itself of its obligations. It is, of course, part of its function to editorialize. Some readers like to read editorials, but few, if any, today buy a paper for editorial opinion. It is

a good thing in many ways that modern journalism finds itself in this position, for modern journalism is largely business first and unbiased opinion afterwards. About the only paper that influences opinion editorially is the small-town paper. It still holds the position once held by the big city paper.

It was Hilaire Belloc who told Americans during his last lecture tour that the British public no longer took the daily press seriously because, during the war, the press went in wholeheartedly for propaganda instead of news. Maybe the reaction of the American reader to the American press may be explained in the same way. Explain it in whatever way one will, recent political elections have shown that the marshaling of editorial forces in city and State campaigns has little or no effect on election results. The modern voter tells the press in the practical language of the ballot: "Look to your news. I will form my own political opinions."

#### "Time to Decentralize"

**A** MESSAGE from Mr. Herbert Hoover to the American Child Health Association in convention at Detroit, was like a current of fresh mountain air sweeping through a room filled with mephitic vapors. Briefly, this message was to the effect that it was high time to enter upon a policy of decentralization, and that if the children were to receive the tender consideration from the public authorities which they should have, every local community must organize "its own job" and do it.

These words are as apples of gold upon platters of silver, but they will be rejected as ashes and wormwood by that large, well-organized and amply-financed group of publicists who act as though the first step toward reform in any matter of common interest were the destruction of local authority and responsibility. A curious phenomenon, upon which the future historian of social progress will linger with amazement, is that we Americans who once boasted our self-reliance and our scorn to have another do for us what we could do for ourselves, are now content to tolerate and in some instances actively to

favor, educational and social programmes based on the principle that to escape from responsibility is the most approved social and economic wisdom. Parents and local associations ask cities to assume burdens which they themselves should carry; cities and counties send up plaintive cries to the State legislatures; in their turn, the legislatures, with a few noble exceptions, are acquiring the habit of looking to Washington, as if Congress were endowed with some superhuman power enabling it to care for its own work perfectly, and, in addition, to supply a most sovereign specific for every local ill. Hence we now have the Federal maternity act, in spite of its condemnation by the American Medical Association and by medical societies and academies all over the country, the proposed Towner-Sterling educational law which in time will divest the local communities of every vestige of power over their schools, and a group of societies endeavoring to end child-labor by an amendment to the Constitution instead of through legal action in the States, where the evil could be most effectively checked.

The logical conclusion of all this activity is the establishment of a monstrous bureaucracy at Washington, and, inevitably, the loss of self-reliance, self-control and the power of self-government in the local communities. The belief that a centralized government, embracing all or nearly all, the powers now pertaining to the respective States, can bring us more quickly and securely to a realization of the end stated in the preamble to the Constitution, "Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity" is repugnant both to common sense and to the plain lessons of history. But it is a belief that has won wide acceptance, and as long as it prevails there can be no well-grounded assurance that the Government established by the Constitution can endure. As Mr. Hoover asserts, and as for years this review has been asserting, often with a sense of singing an old song to deaf ears, it is indeed high time to decentralize. A few more attacks by the Towner-Sterlingites and their allied cohorts, and the battle to preserve "Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity," will be lost.

## Literature

**A Month's Vote on the Best Ten Books**  
**T**HE results of the poll after the first month of our canvass on the best ten Catholic books published since 1823 confirm the truth of Gay's couplet:

"In every age and clime we see  
Two of a trade can ne'er agree."

Our Catholic literateurs, professional and amateur, are in perfect agreement on only one point—the value of this symposium. As regards the choice of the best books they are in complete disagreement. As testimony we need

only submit the results of the voting during the period from October 6 to November 6. During this month 235 books by 149 authors received one or more votes. This total is remarkable and surprising. A literary magazine of wide circulation, at present conducting a very vigorous canvass to determine the best books written by any author in the wide world since 1900, could tabulate after one month's voting 108 titles; during the second month the total number of books mentioned amounted to 295, which is only slightly in excess of our total for the first month.

Despite the gratifying result of our canvass only a fraction of our readers have accepted our invitation to submit their choice of the best books. Nearly two months remain, however, before the close of the canvass, and it is hoped that many of those literati who have been somewhat skeptical, and any average reader who has felt unequal to the task, may decide to send in a list so that the final tabulation may be considered a representative decision on this interesting matter by the entire Catholic reading public of America.

In publishing the following list of the best books we do not wish to influence in the slightest degree the subsequent voting; our intention is rather to satisfy the curiosity of those who desire to know whither the wind is blowing. The "Apologia pro Vita Sua" leads by a safe margin. In second place is Francis Thompson's "Collected Poems." Following close, in the order named, come "Faith of Our Fathers," "My New Curate," "Fabiola," "Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," "Orthodoxy," "Europe and the Faith," and "Collected Poems" of Alice Meynell. Disputing for tenth place, with equal number of votes, are "Idea of a University," "Poems," by Father Tabb, and "Poems" by Joyce Kilmer. Our only comment on the above list must be that we regret the number ten is not more elastic and cannot be stretched to include many more titles.

Regarding the results from the coign of the authors mentioned in the lists the above order suffers some slight change. Cardinal Newman, of course, leads the roll, and is followed by Francis Thompson. Third place is disputed by Canon Sheehan and Monsignor Benson. It will be noted that no single book of Monsignor Benson has received enough votes to win a place for itself in the honor list. This is due to the fact that the contributors have scattered their votes over fourteen different titles. Dr. Walsh advances to fifth place among the most popular authors. Chesterton and Belloc retain their position, and are followed by Cardinal Gibbons, who, as a one-book author, has dropped down the list. Next comes Cardinal Wiseman, and Alice Meynell closes the first ten authors by just nudging out Joyce Kilmer and Shane Leslie.

Statistics always exert a sinister temptation to moralize and draw conclusions. Of the 235 books voted upon, 119 are by English authors, 93 by Americans, and 23 by Irishmen living in Ireland. Looking at the results from the viewpoint of time, 89 of the books were written during the 1823-1900 period, and the remaining 146 since 1900 to the present time. This latter result is most gratifying from one angle and is a matter of regret from another, depending on what explanation is accepted. Is the true reason that the Catholics of today are forgetting the glorious work of the Catholic writers of the nineteenth century; or is it rather that we are now in the full flowering of the Catholic renaissance and that the Catholic writers of the day are increasing in number and are exerting a wider and more powerful influence on modern thought? It may be that both explanations may

partly account for the greater preponderance of votes going in favor of the twentieth century books.

#### Lists and Comments

In the midst of his life of study, Professor Henry Jones Ford, of Princeton University, has found time to favor us with his list of the Catholic best ten books. Professor Ford writes:

In submitting my list of the best ten books I beg to say that I do not mean best as determined by customary literary standards, but simply that I found them best for me in their ministration to my own mind and heart, although I believe that they would rank among the best by any sort of test. Here is the list:

"Essay on Development of Christian Doctrine" .....	Cardinal Newman
"Grammar of Assent" .....	Cardinal Newman
"Letter to the Duke of Norfolk" .....	Cardinal Newman
"William G. Ward and the Oxford Movement" ..	Wilfrid Ward
"Cardinal Newman" .....	Wilfrid Ward
"Robert Hugh Benson" .....	C. C. Martindale, S.J.
"Orthodoxy" .....	G. K. Chesterton
"Collected Poems" .....	Francis Thompson
"Europe and the Faith" .....	Hilaire Belloc
"The Problem of Reunion" .....	Leslie J. Walker, S.J.

Mr. George Barton, of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, concisely expresses a difficulty that must have risen to the minds of many of our readers when trying to formulate their choice.

In compiling a list of this kind there is nearly always a struggle between love and, shall we say, duty. For instance, I wanted to include Francis Thompson's dazzling essay on Shelley, but to do that would have made it necessary to drop his poems which include the wonderful "Hound of Heaven." Again, like scores of others, I had a mind to write down "The Catholic Encyclopedia," but that would be counting a whole library as a single book. The one thing of which I feel sure is that "The Faith of Our Fathers" should head the list, not only for its clear and delightful style, but also because of the good it has done the Faith in this country.

"The Faith of Our Fathers" .....	Cardinal Gibbons
"My New Curate" .....	Canon Sheehan
"Life and Times of John Carroll" .....	Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday
"By What Authority" .....	Monsignor Benson
"The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries" ..	James J. Walsh, M.D.
"Pioneer Laymen of North America" ..	Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J.
"Collected Poems" .....	Francis Thompson
"Collected Poems" .....	Father Tabb
"God and Myself" .....	Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J.
"Life of Cardinal Newman" .....	Wilfrid Ward

The list of Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D., President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, puts "The Catholic Encyclopedia" in the first place. His choice continues:

"Meditations on Christian Doctrine" ..	Right Rev. James Bellord
"Notes on Ingersoll" .....	Rev. L. A. Lambert
"Orthodoxy" .....	G. K. Chesterton
"Apologia Pro Vita Sua" .....	Cardinal Newman
"The Key to the World's Progress" .....	Charles S. Devas
"The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer" ..	Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
"My New Curate" .....	Canon Sheehan
"Collected Poems" .....	Francis Thompson
"The Faith of Our Fathers" .....	Cardinal Gibbons

A great deal of interest attaches to the two following lists because of the domestic note. The story is related of an eminent Hebrew scholar who was discovered writing a vicious attack upon another scholar for a mistake in Hebrew spelling the while he rocked the cradle of his peevish youngest. Mr. Charles Higgins, of La Grange, Illinois, despite his interest in the really great things of life, has leisure to help us in our symposium. He writes:

This list is submitted by a common sinner, a common toiler, a common school graduate, busy most of the time off duty with the, not so common, labors of raising a large family. A knowledge of what to read was naturally gained from reading Catholic papers and you cannot imagine how surprised I was after fifteen years of reading of half a dozen Catholic weeklies and monthlies to read for the first time the names of Charles S. Devas and T. W. Allies in your announcement of the symposium. I might add that as a rule I read these papers as Lincoln read the few papers he got, ads and all.

"Apologia Pro Vita Sua".....	Cardinal Newman
"Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries".....	James J. Walsh, M.D.
"My New Curate".....	Canon Sheehan
"Keystones of Thought".....	Austin O'Malley
"Everybody's St. Francis".....	Maurice Francis Egan
"Marie Antoinette".....	Hilaire Belloc
"Heretics".....	G. K. Chesterton
"The Servile State".....	Hilaire Belloc
"How France Built Her Cathedrals".....	Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly
"Up the Andes and Down the Amazon".....	Rev. John A. Zahm, C.S.C.

Equally valuable is the testimony of Mrs. Frances M. Pridham of Choteau, Montana:

Being the mother of six I naturally view most things from a mother's standpoint and name these books from the fact that they have been so useful when one is situated where there is no Catholic school and very little Catholic atmosphere. Each book has its place under these conditions.

"The Faith of Our Fathers".....	Cardinal Gibbons
"The Question Box".....	Rev. B. L. Conway, C.S.P.
"Apologia Pro Vita Sua".....	Cardinal Newman
"Life of Our Lord".....	Rev. George Keith, S.J.
"Life of the Blessed Virgin".....	Rev. J. O'Brien
"Letters to Jack".....	Mgr. F. C. Kelly
"Papers of a Pariah".....	Monsignor Benson
"Dante".....	Mgr. John T. Slattery
"Mother".....	Kathleen Norris
"Fine Clay".....	Isabel Clark

### The College Vote

Now that the choice of the individuals has been meeting with such earnest approval, we call attention to the vote of the colleges on the best ten Catholic books. In the first announcement, it was stated that each Catholic college, Seminary, Graduate School, and Newman Club was entitled to one corporate list from the students and one list from the faculty. This did not mean that the college people were prohibited from voting as individuals. The intention was that a local vote be held in each institution, in which each student or professor would submit his list, and a composite list would be drawn up of the books which had received the highest number of votes. This final list would then be submitted to the Literary Editor of AMERICA as the representative choice of the college. To date, no lists have reached our office. This can be easily understood, since the preliminary vote in the college itself must not be hurried too much. We wish, however, to remind the college folk of our great expectations and meanwhile await the opportunity of commanding the first college that favors us with its list.

### REVIEWS

**Ignatius Loyola.** By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Sedgwick is a gentleman; therefore he does not write with his tongue in his cheek. Yet many a page in this volume reads as though written in the now too common spirit of cynicism and derision. Not that Mr. Sedgwick has any sympathy with the

threadbare calumnies uttered through more than three centuries against St. Ignatius and the Society of Jesus by the unthinking or the malicious. For he sets down naught in malice, and, in his own manner, has thought deeply. But the fundamental error vitiating the entire essay is his attitude toward religion; passing over a score of details which might be justly questioned, let this be principally considered. With Mr. Sedgwick religion "consists, mainly, perhaps, in the emotions that color man's consciousness of his relations with whatever he conceives reality to be." Now I am not concerned to discuss this definition of religion, but only to point out that it is in every way foreign to the concept entertained by the Catholic Church, and, of course, by St. Ignatius. A man, let us say an engineer, who believes that two plus two makes four and nothing else, is sure to suffer at the hands of a biographer who is sincerely convinced that the sum of two plus two is an open question. Mr. Sedgwick, compounding his religion of equal parts of agnosticism, subjectivism, and, inevitably, scepticism, rates St. Ignatius as a champion of religion, and, necessarily, finds him grievously wanting. Good logic, but a premise absolutely false. St. Ignatius did not champion that "religion." With the Church, he anathematized it. Hence, Mr. Sedgwick can gravely write that St. Ignatius suffered from blindness and bigotry, and find that "time and knowledge have rendered inadequate and unsatisfactory to hungry, mystical souls today" his "ideas of God." Inadequate they were and are, since no finite mind can comprehend the Infinite. But to write, without careful discrimination, that they are "unsatisfactory" is simply to contradict the history of asceticism from the first days of the famous "Spiritual Exercises," down to the present year, which saw them earnestly recommended to the whole Christian world by no less an authority than the Vicar of Jesus Christ. With whom lies the truth? With Xavier and Teresa of Avila, with Francis de Sales and Paul of the Cross, with the long line of holy men and women, "mystical souls" in the truest sense, down to the "Little Flower" of our own day, who actually made the "Exercises" and in them found a new and powerful means of uniting themselves with Almighty God? Or with Mr. Sedgwick, who, with no experimental knowledge of the "Exercises," pronounces them "unsatisfactory"?

It would be ungracious not to note the presence of many a lovely page in this volume. Yet it cannot be stated too strongly that Mr. Sedgwick's utterly un-Christian concept of religion so blinds his eyes to the real character of St. Ignatius that he presents to us not a portrait but a caricature. P. L. B.

**The Law of the Kinsmen.** By LORD SHAW OF DUNFERMLINE. New York: George Doran Co. \$3.50.

During the past few years this country has become a subject fruitful of many efforts to present us to ourselves as we appear to those with an old-world point of view. In several cases the ethnological standard was somewhat too exclusive to satisfy the American democratic sense that race equality must, if logic holds, be but a corollary of the equality of man. In this respect Lord Shaw's account of us and of our ways marks a most notable departure. He has clearly detected the main reason for our non-traditional attitude towards life and life's problems. Not caring much to be reminded of our debt to this or that race, traditionalism can have but little interest or meaning except in so far as it can be shown to have some bearing on our future. Lord Shaw's real theme is the law. In this connection he insists in a manner both convincing and engaging that in the great legal principles our tradition is the same as that of England. Though his aim in what he says of the law is similar in many respects to that of Dean Roscoe Pound, his insistence throughout, on the fact that "the way both of prosperity and peace lies in the recognition of those standards which are at once ethical and legal standards," makes his analysis more positive.

Though a member of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, the highest court of the British Empire, he takes the liberty occasionally to poke some good-natured fun at his Saxon fellow subjects. Nor does he let the reader forget that he himself is a Scotchman, proud of what the Scotch have done throughout the world and zealous to work for unity and harmony wherever it can be achieved in reason and justice. He has caught the secret of our attitude towards European affairs, evidently, when he explains it by the statement that "there is much in European policy that simply does not mean business." On the other hand there is much for us to ponder over as regards ourselves in this well meant observation that "when classes are divided against classes then too often a more serious trouble appears. It is not now the application of legal principles—those of justice: it is the abjuring of legal methods—those of reason."

M. F. X. M.

**Western Mysticism.** By DOM CUTHBERT BUTLER. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. \$5.00.

Of its very nature mysticism is an elusive subject and contemporary treatment of it, in which all sorts of psychic aberrations are placed in the same category as the ecstatic experiences of saints, is not calculated to make it very much more intelligible. In this work, however, the subject is shorn of the confusing terminology now so commonly used in treating it and is presented in a simple and orderly way. Though the author frankly admits that there is little original thought in the volume, he has, nevertheless, contributed a work of permanent worth to students of mysticism. He has chosen the wiser method and allows a few great mystics to speak for themselves and tell us in what the mystical life of contemplation consists. This he has done in a painstaking and discriminating collection of quotations from St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Gregory the Great, and St. John of the Cross. The work could hardly have been accomplished with a more complete fulfilment of the writer's aim to present "the teaching on contemplation and the contemplative life of the three Doctors" in a manner "not only intellectually illuminating but also practically helpful." Consequently, it is a book that will appeal to others than those who have merely a speculative interest in the subject. It reads a practical and helpful lesson as well, to all souls striving after union with God in however humble a degree and it brings many a suggestive thought to those whose vocation it is to be the spiritual guides of such souls. It is scarcely necessary to say that the author, together with the masterly authorities he cites, sets down as "an indispensable condition for progress in contemplation, the serious exercise of asceticism, of self discipline, mortification and practise of the virtues." T. L. C.

**Monuments of the Early Church.** By WALTER LOWRIE, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This handbook of Christian archaeology is designed, as the author informs us to give a general view of the monuments of the early Church. It is a subject of fascinating interest, but unfortunately too little known. The author strictly confines himself to the "monument records" of Christian antiquity, and to the well-defined results of the study, omitting all controversial matter. He treats of Catholic dogmas with respect and a clear understanding of what they meant to the life of the early Christians. In all that concerns early Christian painting, he acknowledges that he has taken Mgr. Wilpert as his guide, as also in all that concerns civil and ecclesiastical dress. In his study of the Catacombs, he follows Professor Orazio Marucchi as well as the "Columbus of the Catacombs," the great De Rossi. Mr. Lowrie walks faithfully in the path of the great Catholic guides who have discovered and interpreted the monuments of early Christian Rome, those already mentioned to whom must be added Armellini, Grisar, as well as Allard and Northcote the abbreviators of De Rossi's masterpiece on the "Inscriptions." The chapters on the Christian cemeteries,

Christian architecture, sculptures, mosaics and miniatures, will be found peculiarly instructing. De Rossi's theory explaining the nature of the tenure of church property, that the Church was organized in the eyes of the State and by law recognized as a burial society, and as such enjoyed legal protection, while at the same time it was prohibited as a religious society, is well summarized. The objections of Duchesne to De Rossi's theory are equally well exposed. The whole volume is solidly built up. There are numerous and appropriate illustrations.

J. C. R.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Pamphlets.**—The *Catholic Mind* for November 8 is devoted to many features of Catholic life and has a wide appeal. Father Thomas Campbell, a Benedictine, furnishes a clear statement of just what makes the Mass a sacrifice and why the Catholic Church is so insistent on the faithful attending Mass weekly at least. Father Gill, S.J., in the "Prayer Book of the Church," explains what use should be made of the missal by laymen. After that Bishop Lillis, of Kansas City, has an interesting summing-up of the Church's teaching on the burial of Catholics, and Father Conway, C.S.P., tells of the ethics and history of cremation. The fifth paper in this meaty number is a complete account of the Church's laws about Indulgences, particularly fitted for this month of the Holy Souls.—The four pamphlets lately published by Our Sunday Visitor Press are most militantly aggressive in their defense of Catholic truth. "Fake Oaths and Bogus Documents" refutes several falsehoods now being circulated by bigots, "What Catholics Do Not Believe" gives the Catholic understanding on Saints, Images, the Confessional, Bible and kindred subjects, "Impressions of a Convert," by Robert R. Hull, tells of the author's experiences and reactions toward Catholic teaching, and "The Catholic Church and World Progress" is a collection of testimonies from various sources.—The International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn in the little pamphlet, "Six Lies Nailed," compiles from authoritative sources a complete refutation of the moth-eaten calumnies concerning the assassins of our Presidents, the Lincoln and Lafayette prophecies and the lie about Pope Pius IX and Confederacy.—A sketch of the "Little Sisters of the Assumption," "The Weak Link and the Coming of the Kingdom," by W. S. Randall, and "Preparation for First Confession and First Communion," by Rev. J. I. Lane, are valuable and interesting little pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society of London.

**The Moderns: V. Kathleen Norris.** Novelists, dramatists, poets and the like form a strong team that holds the ball and is carrying through a vicious offensive against personal purity and marriage and the unborn child. The fashion is set, cleverness and modernity are synonymous with immorality, and few are the better known writers that say nay. But Kathleen Norris is paradoxical enough to be popular and old-fashioned. She has championed the cause of the family and the home and the sacredness of motherhood, she is the *defensor vinculi*. In an interview some years ago, she startled a young writer by declaring that if she were forced to choose between her literary career and the proper duties of motherhood, she would not hesitate a moment to forego all aspirations towards literary eminence. This is the burden of her books, from her famous novel, "Mother," down to her latest achievement, "Butterfly" (Doubleday, Page. \$2.00). It is true that in the intervening years she may have sometimes weakened in her crusade against the current looseness of morals. Equally true is it to assert that at times she turns the face of a portrait to the wall and exhibits the seamy dusty side of the canvas. But when she again reveals the painting it glows more vividly by reason of the contrast. Butterfly, the title character of her new book, suffers from singed wings, but is cured and transformed. By way of contrast, Hilary and Craig and Kronske bespeak the real message of Mrs. Norris. It has always been

said that Mrs. Norris makes the reader love her good characters. By innumerable little nuances, she breathes life into them and sculptures them with tender hand and makes them symbolic of one's own dear friends. In her technique she hides real art behind apparent simplicity and naturalness, she is easy and lucid in style, and shows perfect mastery and maturity in her handling of plot and counter plot, interlacing incident and complication. The cover of "Butterfly" boasts that Kathleen Norris speaks to more than six million readers. One hopes that her underlying Catholic tone may influence them for good.

**Attention of Boys.**—To possess a gun! To gaze fondly upon it and know that it is your own and that you could shoot it off any time you wanted to! Is not this the dream of every boy who ever lived since the day firearms were invented? Father Henry J. Spalding, S.J., in his latest book, "In the Wilds of the Canyon" (Benziger Brothers. \$1.00), tells excellently well the story of a lad of fourteen years for whom this dream of dreams comes true. When Neil Murray's happy summer in the wilds of the canyon is over he is sorry and so will be every boy reader who finishes the book. But does Neil's promise to get out his gun next summer mean that we shall have the pleasure of following him on further adventures with it in another book? Father Spalding's host of boy readers will surely hope so.—Not exactly a story, but very near it is "Hidden Heroes of the Rockies." (Yonkers: World Book Co. \$1.36), by Isaac K. Russell and Howard R. Driggs. This book tells the stirring history of the time before the colonists came to the vast region between the Columbia and the Colorado Rivers. There are blood-quenching tales of the beaver trappers and pathfinders who followed the pioneer, Padre Escalante, into these lands of mystery and blazed the way for the building of the great States that today rise within our mountain-walled West.—When studying history, many a boy, and his little sister too, feels that he would like to visit all the places that he reads about. He would like to see the petrified forests of Arizona and Fort Ticonderoga and Independence Hall and many more historical places and things. In a new book just published, "Where Our History Was Made" (Silver, Burdett), John T. Faris, who made the trip to a great number of these old monuments, tells all about them in a very interesting way, with plenty of pictures.

**Fiction.**—Humor and satire blended, each in its proper proportion, characterize Julian Street's collection of short stories "Cross Sections" (Doubleday, Page. \$2.00). Mr. Street looks on the little foibles and poses of our modern society with a twinkling eye. He punctures the high romance of the sex magazines by giving a parallel in ordinary life, he laughs at the artistic temperament, makes tragic comedy of spiritism, and best of all he grows merry over flapperism. Technically, the stories are splendid with good characterization and swift action leading to a sudden turn of enlightenment.

Some one has complained of the tendency among Irish writers to retell again and again the story of Deirdre. Though the complaint in general is justified, one cannot but be glad that James Stephens in "Deirdre" (Macmillan. \$2.50), has related the old tale once more in his own inimitable way. Fancy may see in this new rendering an allegory of Ireland, England and Freedom; but apart from any underlying purpose the Stephens version of Deirdre and King Conachur and Naoise is artistically the best yet written. It has whimsical humor and Celtic pathos, poetry and epigram, clothed with a magical charm of style.

A first novel is in many cases a matter for regret in later years. But Margaret Wilson, who won the \$2,000 prize in the Harper Prize Novel Contest by her story, "The Able McLaughlins" (Harper. \$2.00), has set for herself a high standard in

future publications. It is inevitable that there should be some crudeness in a new novelist, but it is surprising that there should be such perfect handling of a somewhat simple plot. The scene is laid in the pioneer West about the time of the Civil War and the characters are Scotch Covenanters with all their national traits sharply drawn. The story keeps growing in intensity until Wully's final dramatic act of self-conquest.

A white detective is on the trail of a well-organized gang of Chinese bandits operating in the island of Borneo. Both the detective and the chief of the bandits are most evenly matched in bravery and coolness and ingenuity. The unlawful traffic must be stopped even though dangers lurk at every step. In a book of wild adventure, Edmund Snell in "The Yellow Seven" (Century. \$1.90), tells the story of the detective and withholds the solution till the very last page.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

**American Book Co., New York:**  
Modern Business Mathematics. By George H. Van Tuyl.  
**D. Appleton & Co., New York:**  
J. Hardin & Son. By Brand Whitlock. \$2.00; Jackson of Hillsdale High. By Earl Reed Silvers. \$1.75; Jim Mason, Scout. By Elmer Russell Gregor. \$1.75; Nowhere Else in the World. By Jay William Hudson. \$2.00; Verse of Our Day. Compiled by Marjory Gordon and Marie B. King. \$2.00; Growth and Structure of the English Language. By Otto Jespersen. \$2.00.  
**Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston:**  
The Dark Frigate. By Charles Boardman Hawes. \$2.00.  
**Benziger Bros., New York:**  
Marvels of the Blessed Sacrament. By The Rev. Joseph McDonnell, S.J. \$0.60; A Lily of the Cloister, Sister Marie-Celine of the Presentation. Translated from the French by Mary C. Watts. \$2.00.  
**Boni & Liveright, New York:**  
Déclassée. Daddy's Gone A-Hunting. By Zoe Atkins. \$2.00.  
**Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York:**  
Never the Twain Shall Meet. By Peter B. Kyne. \$2.00.  
**Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:**  
The Mystery of the Hive. By Eugene Evrard. \$2.50.  
**G. H. Doran & Co., New York:**  
The Genesis of War. By Herbert Henry Asquith. \$6.00; A Laugh a Day Keeps the Doctor Away. By Irvin Cobb. \$2.50; The Cut Trail. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. \$2.50; Luck of the Year. By E. V. Lucas. \$2.00; The Treasure Book of Children's Verse. Edited by Mabel and Lillian Quiller-Couch.  
**E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:**  
The Cinder Buggy. By Garet Garrett. \$2.00.  
**Duffield & Co., New York:**  
Head Winds. By A. M. Sinclair Wilt. \$2.00.  
**Harper & Bros., New York:**  
Lummox. By Fannie Hurst. \$2.00.  
**D. C. Heath & Co., Boston:**  
Introduction to Social Service. By Henry S. Spalding, S.J.  
**B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis:**  
The Truth of the Catholic Religion. By James Linden, S.J. \$0.90; The Little Ones. By Mary Eaton. \$0.90.  
**Henry Holt & Co., New York:**  
The Triumph of the Nut and Other Parodies. By Christopher Ward. \$1.50; Quest. By Rosita Forbes. \$2.00.  
**Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:**  
My Garden of Memory. An Autobiography. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. \$5.00.  
**B. W. Huebsch, Inc., New York:**  
A Week. By Iury Libedinsky. Translated by Arthur Ransome. \$1.50.  
**Longmans, Green & Co.:**  
The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. By Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M.A., Ph.D. \$4.00; Wheel-Tracks. By Edith Somerville and Martin Ross. \$4.00; The Revolutionary Idea in France. 1789-1871. By Godfrey Elton. \$3.50; First Notions of Holy Writ for Students, Readers, Enquirers. By Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.  
**The Macmillan Co., New York:**  
Labyrinth. By Helen R. Hull. \$2.00; The Problem of Armament. By Arthur Guy Enoch. \$1.50; My Forty Years in New York. By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D. \$2.00; Memories of the Russian Court. By Anna Viroubova. \$3.50; Luther Nichols. By Mary S. Watts. \$2.00; The Church Year. By H. Stieglitz. \$1.75; Uncanny Stories. By May Sinclair. \$2.50; Fantastica. By Robert Nichols. \$2.50.  
**Matre & Co., Chicago:**  
The Selwyns in Dixie. By Clementia. \$1.50.  
**Oxford University Press, New York:**  
The Art of Poetry. By William Paton Ker. \$2.00.  
**The Page Co., Boston:**  
Peter's Best Seller. By Margaret R. Piper. \$2.00; The Young Knight. By I. M. B. of A. \$1.65; Mr. Do-Something. By Blanche E. Wade. \$1.75; Marjory's Discovery. By Alice E. Allen. \$1.50; Chatterbox for 1923. By J. Erskine Clarke. \$1.65.  
**Frederick Pustet Co., Cincinnati:**  
The Piper of Hamelin. A Romantic Comedy. By Flavian Larbes. \$0.60.  
**G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York:**  
Masters and Men. By Philip Guedalla.  
**Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:**  
The Hope of Happiness. By Meredith Nicholson. \$2.00.  
**Thomas Seltzer Co., New York:**  
Sons and Lovers. By D. H. Lawrence. \$2.50; Mastro-Don Gesualdo. By Giovanni Verga. \$2.50; Open All Night. By Paul Morand. \$2.00.  
**Frederick A. Stokes, New York:**  
The Boy's Book of Verse. By Helen Dean Fish. \$2.00.  
**D. Van Nostrand Co., New York:**  
Fundamentals of Radio. By James L. Thomas. \$1.50.

## Education

### What Does a Mental Scale Measure?

*The second in a series on Intelligence Tests*

THE previous article was devoted to proving that educators need a means of measuring intelligence as opposed to proficiency in some specific subject; and that even such conservative educators as the Jesuits, long before mental tests were invented, required and supposed that their principals should be able to do so. The article was therefore directed chiefly against those who consider tests so many attempts to accomplish the impossible. No effort was made to demonstrate that tests do successfully what they profess to do; the one purpose was to establish the fact that we may not affirm *a priori* that tests are doomed of their nature to failure.

The present article will define more clearly what sort of intelligence a test seeks to measure; and will consequently sound a note of warning, not to the critics of tests, but to those who ascribe to mental scales more power than they actually possess.

Nothing is more evident than that intelligence is not a unitary faculty. One may be intelligent in many things and highly unintelligent in as many others. A gift for poetry is compatible with real disability in science, mathematics, or languages. Intelligence is required to amass a fortune, and a test takes cognizance of this. To live harmoniously with one's fellows; to be able to lead, rule and inspire men; to have resourcefulness, perseverance, and ingenuity; to be orderly and systematic; to have inventive power, or the gift of constructive research; to possess artistic, musical, or mechanical ability; in the spiritual realm, to appreciate the nobler things, to be docile and devoted toward God; these are all powers of great value that require intelligence as their single constituent, or at least as a necessary condition and foundation. They are also things of such worth when compared with that dehydrated intelligence which enables one to learn from books, that we are inclined to brand an intelligence test which fails to measure them as no test of intelligence at all.

But, although the forms of mental vigor just enumerated do exist, it remains true that there is a kind of intelligence which, if combined with a good will and unaccompanied by physical disabilities, is a guarantee of success in school work. It consists, concretely, in ability to comprehend the printed page; to think analytically; to reason in that fashion which is required of one who must follow a teacher through an explanation of ratio or the ablative absolute. In the abstract, this form of intelligence is defined as the power to take and follow a definite line of thought; to make adaptations for the purpose of achieving the desired end; and to criticize one's own efforts, the assumption being that all this is to be done in fields that do not require specialized ability or training.

Now since every teacher learns within a month or less who is able to succeed in the work she assigns and who is not (doing this with certain limitations to be later pointed out), it follows that we should be able to construct a highly condensed sampling of the problems to be met in school which will reveal immediately much that might be learned by daily contact with the pupil. Such a thing is what we call an "intelligence test."

You will say that only time can show the teacher how much industry, patience, fidelity, resourcefulness, ambition, and adaptability are possessed by the pupil. This is true, and no intelligence test claims to measure these qualities. These are the non-intellectual mental qualities upon which, in a passage already quoted, Dr. Terman says social competency and educational possibilities largely depend. But the pupil also needs a certain naked power to think and comprehend. Hence teachers often say, "He could do it if he wanted to work," or "if he were serious," or "if he knew how to study," or "if he had learned more self-reliance." We distinguish, then, between three things; native power, attitude, and equipment; and we estimate the extent of a pupil's native power by observing his reactions to strictly intellectual situations as opposed to his reactions to situations calling for character or virtue.

The special form of intelligence just explained is the only one a mental test seeks to measure, or can claim to measure. For in the first place all special abilities, artistic, linguistic, inventive, mechanical, are professedly excluded. Industry, adaptability, resourcefulness, work-habits, all the moral qualities, and gifts for social and business leadership are left untouched. In the second place—and this is the important point—a test can claim to measure only what it proves it has measured. Now how do we know that a mental scale is of any worth? Might it not be that it is actually a test of stupidity; that only a fool would think of giving the answers that are to be scored correct?

The proof comes from this, and from this only, that the pupils who the test says can succeed in school do succeed in school. We have no data, so far, that they will succeed in life. Therefore, the one thing an intelligence test can claim to measure is that special form of intelligence which contributes to success in school work.

Hence the blunder of the whole thing. The makers of tests have gone to great pains, and been very fortunate in the selection of names for their products. How appealing are Alpha, Delta Two, X-O, the Mentimeter, and the Sextet! Merely to listen to such names is almost like an evening at the opera. But all this while the generic name, "Intelligence Test," has stood, fanning into a fierce blaze the flames of hostility in the hearts of critics who know well enough that these things do not measure the totality of intelligence, and leading astray many of the less well-informed contributors to the literature of testing. We should have gone to far greater trouble to define the precise kind of intelligence that tests measure, and we should have kept the distinction squarely before the eyes of

the public at all times. We should have called all our scales "F. C. A. Tests," understanding by that "Tests of the *Facultas Comprehensiva Academica*." Further, we should have killed at its birth that almost universal fashion of talking which leads us to say that a child with an I Q of 140 or over, is a genius or near-genius. So far as we know he may prove entirely unproductive and devoid of any special and useful ability.

True, the school should not be prepared to affirm that there is no correlation between success in the classroom and success in life. The school would stand in need of a thorough reform if its prize pupils always failed in the world, while those it had considered failures always rose to the top. Hence there ought to be, and is, some connection between good school intelligence and good general intelligence. Yet the fact remains that an intelligence test measures, and may claim to measure *only that species of mentality which enables a pupil to succeed in school*. And it is unscientific and harmful for exponents of tests to continue applying to children the terms superior, normal, and retarded, in the loose and unqualified way that is now common.

Our discussion so far has taken us over the following ground. We have presented reasons for believing that there is a certain form of intelligence, distinct from other and perhaps more useful forms, which is necessary for success in school work. We have shown that teachers consider themselves competent to estimate the extent to which this quality exists in a child, and that it is in fact necessary for them to be able to do so as expeditiously as possible. We have said that the manifestations of intelligence, on which teachers base their estimates, occur when the pupil is confronted by problems or questions, and that there is no apparent reason why a condensed selection of such questions can not be made and presented to the pupil at one time. We have, on the other hand, indicated the error of advocates and publishers of tests in not defining more specifically what they are measuring, and in employing a phraseology which suggests that they are appraising the entire mentality of an individual and determining both the upper and lower limits of his future possible achievement. The next paper will discuss the extent to which we really measure that special aspect of intelligence explored by a mental scale.

AUSTIN G. SCHMIDT, S.J., Ph.D.

## Sociology

### Father Finn: Social Worker

**F**OR nearly forty years, the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., known internationally as the premier writer of Catholic boy-stories, has been loved with a particularly warm affection by our American youth. With the publication of his first book, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan hailed him as the "Discoverer of the American boy," nor does the

passing of the decades lessen our pleasure in his latest book. It is my present intention, however, to consider Father Finn, still a vigorous toiler in the vineyard at the age of sixty-five, as a social worker, although Father Finn is too modest, or, as he would probably express it "too old-fashioned," to consider himself entitled to the name. Yet such he has been, in its best sense. He took charge of the parish school at a time when two far-reaching movements were in their inception. The first of these was the "new immigration" to America, as sociologists group Europe's Southern and Southeastern immigrants; the second was the spreading out of our cities to newly-opened and fashionable suburbs, so well illustrated by Booth Tarkington in his "The Magnificent Ambersons." Cincinnati was no exception, though perhaps it is the least foreign of all our large American cities. St. Xavier's parish at one time ranking amongst the largest in the archdiocese was destined to see its pillar-families vanish and their place to be taken by the new and poor immigration. Today the Jesuit Fathers have a typical down-town church, surrounded by business and tenement districts. But the parish school, attended by the descendants of twenty-one different nationalities, is free. Moreover, it has been free for the past twenty-five years. This is Father Finn's monument of glory, his "A. M. D. G." The work accomplished in it is "social" not only for making better American citizens out of raw material, but for making better children of God, a point disastrously omitted from too many sociological programs. Due to the courageous vision of the Director twenty-five years ago and to his tireless efforts during that period, this parish school is today practically endowed.

To begin such a work in the year 1923, considering the financial resources of the parish, would be an impossible task. Indeed, many think that only Father Finn's personality was equal to this undertaking of a quarter of a century. For he reckons amongst his close and "contributing" friends Catholics, Protestants and Jews. One of the last class was quoted in a Cincinnati daily to the following effect: "To do good is Father Finn's religion." The same paper is authority for the statement of a Protestant: "Father Finn is a prince of the Church of Good Hearts and I try to be a member of this church in good standing." Moreover, St. Xavier's parish school is not supported by parish funds, but in the magic ways of the Director, supports itself. A conservative estimate is that \$200,000 have been thus saved to the pocketbooks of the parishioners. In addition to free text-books, clothing and food are not rarely supplied to needy children and their families. The School Association, which makes a city-wide appeal, is the backbone of this high financing. The members pay at least three dollars yearly and perpetual membership for the living or dead represents the payment of a hundred dollars. Among other benefits, there are two Masses said weekly for these benefactors.

To this school then the sensitive immigrant not only has

no hesitation in sending his children, but is eager to do so. It is completely free; it is taught by conscientious teachers, the Brothers of Mary and the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur; its reputation for efficiency is established; it is the best of "melting-pots"; it inculcates loyalty to country and to God. By special request, the "Young" Armenia, Belgium, Bohemia, Hungary, Syria, etc., as the children's pictures are affectionately called in the daily press, have entertained with their song and dance, audiences of the Chamber of Commerce and collegiate assemblies, as well as of municipal gatherings, civic and vocational leagues, hospitals and old people's homes. The school's graduates, children of the "new" immigration, it should be remembered, are earnestly sought by Catholic and non-Catholic business men.

Effective Americanization had been instilled into these children long before that word gained its war-time popularity. The most notable instance was, no doubt, the selling of Thrift Stamps. To St. Xavier was awarded the competitive prize amongst all the public and parish schools of Hamilton County.

And surely it is no small credit to the Christian social spirit of these eight hundred children and their Director that through the selling of waste paper, tin-foil, stamps, through coupon collecting, the giving of plays and the sacrifice of their own precious mite they contributed to charitable works during 1922 the princely sum of \$3,000.

For nearly twenty-four years, too, Father Finn has been the Director of the Young Ladies' Sodality of the parish. His rostrum has been different, but his mission of the Good Shepherd with modern methods has been the same. The results will be counted among those works that Scripture tells us follow the doers. From a social point of view alone this organization points with pride to a \$5,000 room in a most modern Catholic hospital. Here any sick member of the Sodality has free board, lodging and medicine. The sum represented three years of the Sodalists' self-denial. They also founded a child's bed in the same hospital at a cost to themselves of \$1,500. In a children's ward of another hospital they have placed ten beds and gathered the necessary thousand dollars from others for an additional ten beds. Moreover, catching from its Director the Catholic as opposed to the parochial spirit for the betterment of one's fellows, this same organization has erected two rooms of \$4,000 in the new St. Xavier College Dormitory besides other financial aid to this institution of higher learning. Again, they have been most generous with service and money to the parish school and the parish's Free Day Nursery, and to the afflicted of Germany, Austria and other places. And this is a Sodality, lest we forget, of a "down-town" Church. If the reader shouts his incredulity, the ledgers are open to the public. To his blighting "How?" the only adequate answer is the title of this paper and the grace of God. For Father Finn almost uncannily unites spiritual to business methods; self-denial funds, Thanksgiving sup-

pers, doll bazars, weekly card-parties, weekly moving picture shows, sale of waste paper, tin-foil, etc.

Cardinal Newman in "The Idea of a University," advises: "It will be our wisdom to employ nature against itself." Similarly, the motto of Father Finn's life has been, "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill." And so he is the personal friend and adviser of many "movie" directors in Cincinnati, some of whom boast Jewish blood. In his *Church Calendar*, four thousand copies of which are distributed gratis every month, there is a review of good or at least innocent films. The same is had for recent books. He has a "penny-a-day" library of such current literature. Again, weekly socials are held under his management. These actually bring together Catholic young men and women. The result can hardly be exaggerated, for the parish shows an exceptionally low record of mixed marriages. Father Finn is a social worker in the truest sense.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

## Note and Comment

Diamond Jubilee of  
St. Charles College

**T**HE diamond jubilee of St. Charles College, Catonsville, Md., was celebrated last week with befitting solemnity. The cornerstone of the first building of this historic institution was laid by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, on July 11, 1831. He himself had previously secured for it a college charter from the General Assembly of Maryland. Its only purpose was indicated to be "the education of pious young men of the Catholic persuasion for the ministry of the Gospel." This work has now been carried on since the formal opening of the college in 1848 and it has given the Church not so very far from 2,000 priests. Of that number about 1,000 are still active in the sacred ministry. Cardinal Gibbons was one of its alumni, among whom were besides five archbishops and fifteen bishops. In 1911 a conflagration destroyed all the buildings, but the institution gloriously rose from its ashes to a new birth of wider and greater usefulness.

Soviets and the  
Catholic Church

**T**HE following telegram, received from Russia through Warsaw and forwarded to us, contains interesting illustrations of the present Soviet attitude towards the Catholic Church:

I. The Poles sent food parcels to the Catholic priests imprisoned in Moscow. A fair distribution of same was guaranteed by the Soviet authorities. When the food reached Russia, it disappeared. Officials repudiated all responsibility.

II. The latest rumors refer to an exchange of the imprisoned Catholic priests against the Russian Communists now in prison in Warsaw. The Soviets however are determined not to allow the priests to return to Poland: "You are the property of Rome, and to Rome you shall go."

III. The relics of the Blessed Andrew Bobola of Polotzk are now on their way to Rome. Blessed Andrew Bobola, Bishop of Polotzk was martyred for the Catholic Faith by the Eastern-Orthodox in the XVIIth century. In 1922, when the Soviets were pillaging churches and monasteries, they took hold of the Saint's relics, and brought them to Moscow. The Saint was not exposed in public, like the rest of the Russian saints, but nobody knew what the authorities had done with the relics. Frequent requests of the Polish Government to have the relics returned, were left unanswered. Only recently the Soviets have consented to deliver the relics to the See of Rome, on the sole condition that on no account will Poland ever have them. The Papal legate was asked to agree to this, which he refused to do.

The relics were then transferred into a specially prepared coffin, but no one, not even the priest formerly in charge of the relics, was allowed to be present at these proceedings. There is a strong suspicion that the authentic relics are not in the coffin now on its way to Rome. Some photographs of same appeared lately in the Freiburg papers, but it was impossible to identify them.

The intensity of the persecution has somewhat abated, but little thanks to the Soviets!

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N. E. A. Education  
Lobby Fund

**A**TTACKED by the spokesmen of the National Education Association for his statement, mentioned in our Note and Comment section for November 3, that this organization is aided by a nation-wide secret order in its efforts to secure Federal control of education as it was helped in the promotion of the ~~an~~-American Oregon law, Professor Burris of the University of Cincinnati retorts by quoting a bulletin sent out by the N. E. A. in the beginning of 1922 in favor of the Towner-Sterling bill. The document states:

A lay organization of national scope has appropriated \$125,000 to be used in publicity for the measure during the present year, and an annual appropriation of the same amount will be made until the provisions of the bill have been enacted into law.

He then asks, according to the N. C. W. C. News Service, why the name of the organization, was withheld, had it any ulterior designs, what is this organization doing in regard to educational legislation, and "will this organization submit an itemized account showing how the alleged \$125,000 or any part thereof is being spent annually?" When this information is furnished him Professor Burris is ready to compare it with the information he now holds in his own possession. "Let us have the truth." It is for the N. E. A. to take the next move. We shall wait.

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A Vincentian's  
Unique Jubilee

**B**ROTHERS of the St. Vincent de Paul Society all over the country will be interested to learn that on November 4, Mr. Thomas W. Hynes celebrated the completion of his fiftieth year as president of the Particular Council of Brooklyn, New York. It is believed that a "Golden Jubilee" of this kind is unique in the history of the Society in this country, if not in the world. In the true Vincentian spirit, the celebration was wholly religious and charitable, the services beginning with a Solemn High

Mass at St. James' Pro-Cathedral, at which the sermon was preached by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. At the conclusion of the Mass, the Rt. Rev. Thomas W. Molloy, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn, congratulated the venerable Vincentian in the name of the diocese, and read a cablegram conveying a special blessing from the Holy Father. It is not too much to say that for fifty years Mr. Hynes has been actively interested in every movement for social betterment in the American metropolis; in many of them his work was that of a pioneer. He was the close friend and adviser of that other great Vincentian, now gone to his reward, Mr. Thomas M. Mulry, and together the two friends worked to raise a monument to the charity of Jesus Christ, more lasting than bronze. Recognizing in Mr. Hynes that unfortunately rare combination of a genuine love for the poor with a readiness to make a discriminating use of every modern method of relief, Mayor Seth Low chose him as Commissioner of Charities and Correction, a position to which he was afterward reappointed by Mayor Gaynor. In 1913, he was made a Knight of St. Gregory the Great by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X. Young at the age of seventy-six years, Mr. Hynes is still actively engaged in furthering by word and example the works of Christian charity.

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German Conditions  
"Desperate, Desperate"

**A** LETTER which Father Joseph A. Vaughan, S.J., through whom many of our readers' charities were personally dispensed in Germany last year, writes from St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., relates:

Things in Germany are desperate, desperate. Words fail me. I purposely concealed my American address, but several poor nuns, some of whom had never communicated with me before, have trailed me. Their letters are written with tears.

They plead for "just once a single big slice"—*eine dicke Schnitte*—recalling the incident published by me in AMERICA some months ago which told of the tiny lad asking on his birthday for just "a big slice of bread, as big as the big boys receive." It was an incident illustrating the pitiful conditions in many of our Catholic institutions in Germany. It tears the heart out of me to be told in reference to my former function as one of AMERICA's almoners: "Father, you are our only hope."

Incidentally, too, a few checks have been mailed to me direct, with mention of my previous letter in AMERICA. One generous nonagenarian from Rochester sent me ten dollars and said: "I turned again to my bank book and found the magnificent sum of \$93.85 standing rubric to my credit." But he quickly added: "It is Our Lord's and I leave the management to His good Heart."

The money sent to us for Germany is still carefully dispensed there through personal calls by our almoners. The need today, as Father Vaughan says, is great beyond description. Last winter a Quaker investigation disclosed that fifty per cent. of the German children were under-nourished and a large percentage had practically no underwear. Yet at that time the mark stood comparatively high. Today a trillion marks are not worth a dollar in New York, and this is the best index to the untold suffering of the middle classes and our own poor nuns.